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This is a alternative universe (AU) writing. I understand that the portrayal of characters that I offer up for your reading. I humbly ask that you keep that in mind when you are reading my work.

I would also like to state that this is an answer to a challenge put on by the last of the pendragons at FFN.

THIS IS A NEW EDITION OF THIS CHAPTER... A FEW THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

Sitting in his room, Harry heard the car start as his Aunt and Uncle left to take Dudley to a private doctor to have him checked out after the Dementor attack. He had barely left his room in the days since he had returned from school. Most of his days were spent cleaning and working around the Dursely's house. There had been a few letters from Remus and Sirius, a package from the Weasley Twins and he regularly wrote to Fleur and Krum through the muggle to wizard post.

The Dursleys had given him a list of chores at the beginning of each week that had to be done by Friday afternoon. His first list sent him into the attic to sort through all of the boxes of old toys and clothes into piles to either give to good will or throw away. While searching the dusty corners Harry found a gleaming box, which sat undisturbed by the layers of dust covering the rest of the room and called to him. Carefully, he pulled the box from beneath the eaves and sat it on a pile of boxes, engraved on the metal strap that enclosed the box was his name. Steeling his nerves, he touched the seal on the box. The seal sparkled with a deep blue light before falling away, inside the box were items that belonged to his mother

including her diary and a medallion on a chain that bore the Potter crest.

He spent the rest of the afternoon lying on a pile of old clothes reading through the letters and the diary. Harry was weary of putting on the necklace so it sat in the box near his stomach. The diary detailed most of his mother's Hogwarts career and the entries became longer as she started writing about her relationship with the Marauders, especially his father. His eyes crossed as she spoke about how her and Snape had been friends, or at least on speaking terms until the summer between fifth and sixth year had begun. She spoke of other students, which could only be his friends parents, as their behaviors and personalities were mimicked by their offspring. She went into great detail about the differences between how the purebloods and halfbloods were treated than how the muggleborns were treated.

Harry bit back tears as his mother talked about how she had given in to his father. How their relationship had developed like a pureblood relationship should, how her parents were thrown for a loop week after week when she mailed them that certain things were expected of them. He cried when his mother wrote that she was excited to be expecting a son, the first born son of Clan Potter, an achievement that would certainly make her a respected Lady of Clan Potter. One of the last things that she wrote in the diary was a note about a spell she was placing on him. She had the feeling that Dumbledore would place him at the Dursley's home due to some of her research into family-based protection spells. His mother had written that the medallion was the one that he was given when he was a baby and declared the Heir of Clan Potter. He slid it around his neck and jumped in surprise when a voice began talking to him. The voice declared itself to be the Guardian of the Heir of Clan Potter, an ancient family member that would help him become the best Head of House that he could be.

Harry spent many afternoons outside, hiding from Dudley and his friends, as it was easier to evade their rounds of Harry Hunting if he wasn't in the house. On one of these few ventures out of the house was to the park and his cousin gets attacked by a Dementor. Harry had protected his cousin, protected Dudley, something he did not know that he had in him. When his cousin had run off in front of him trying to race him home a small voice told him to run faster, that

Dudley would need him very soon. It was almost as if his subconscious knew that the Dementors were going to attack.

Ms. Figg had rescued them. Or at least helped him get Dudley home after he fought off the evil creatures. She had popped around the corner chasing Mr. Tibbles, her gray tabby that hung around the Dursely's house all of the time. She had seen his wand as he scrambled to hide it in his sleeve and asked him to keep it out. Ms. Figg had confessed that she was a squib and would be of no help if they came back. The pair struggled the five blocks from the park to the edge of Privet Drive. Harry managed to get Dudley in the house and into his room without either of the Dursely's hearing them or seeing anything out of the ordinary. It was the next morning, when Dudley had not completely recovered from having his soul slightly destroyed, that his parents had noticed something. Dudley muttered something about evil ghosts and Uncle Vernon rounded on him like he had brought a plague into the house. The yelling that still echoed in his ears had probably contained every derogatory word and racial epitaph that Vernon had ever heard.

Then the letter had arrived.

Hedwig tried to fend off the stuffy, boring, brown Ministry owl that was bearing the ominous letter, but the owl simply dropped the letter in Uncle Vernon's eggs. Needless to say, when the letter opened and read itself Vernon discovered a new shade of purple as his whole body changed colors. Harry was banished to his room until further notice and all seven of the bolts were locked. Now, he was facing a trial to determine if he was going to be expelled or not. Harry immediately wrote to Dumbledore for assistance and advice. After three days of hearing nothing from Dumbledore, Harry was wondering how he was going to get to his trial. He fell asleep each night pondering how to get to London for the trial that he did not even think he should be having.

Harry woke suddenly a few nights before his trial, the feeling of someone non-Dursely in the house was unnerving. The house was oddly silent, not even the icebox was making its normal light buzzing sound.

'Get up Harry. You must protect yourself and your family. Get your wand and get out of bed.' The voice that Harry had begun trusting whispered as cast his eyes about the room. Reaching under his

pillow he grabbed his wand and slid it by his side in a fold of the blanket. A soft glow flowed around the edges of his door, the small click as each of the locks on the front of the door unlocked told him that there was at least one person of wizarding background on the other side of the door. 'Get out of bed. Take cover in the corner.' Harry slid his glasses on and moved out of the bed towards his bureau. Harry tensed, thoughts of Death Eaters running through his head. As the door knob turned Harry slid to the corner of his room that could not be seen when the door was opened. There were three figures trying to push their way through the door. 'There are more than three.' The voice whispered in the back of his mind.

"Petrificus totalus" Harry whispered pointing his wand at the person in front of the group. They froze and dropped to the ground.

"Harry, stop it. It's us."

'Oh yes, that is really going to make me stop shooting spells at you.' Harry thought planning a litany of spells to throw at them.

"Who is 'us'?" He questioned, not moving from his darkened corner.

"Good question boy. Constant Vigilance." One of the two who remained standing commented.

"I repeat who is 'us'?"

"Harry, it's me Remus. Do you think we could turn on a light?"

"No, I like the dark. It is better that you cannot see me. Oh and nice try Moody. After the last year you saying your key phrase is not enough to identify yourself."

'Careful, there are three here, two women and a man downstairs and two more men in the yard.' The small voice whispered in his ear.

"I knew I liked this kid. You found me in a trunk while my impostor was kidnapping you."

"Your Patronous is a stag after your father that you named Prongs in his honor."

"OK. Who is the third person, and for that matter, who are the three people downstairs and the two outside." Harry watched as Moody's and Remus' eyebrows shot through their hairlines.

"Boy, how did you know about everyone else?" Moody snapped his brain going into overdrive about how he could have known what was going on.

"The same way I knew to get out of bed and get in the corner. I'm good." Harry smirked to himself.

"The one you took out is Tonks, an Auror, the three downstairs will introduce themselves soon and the two outside are securing our escape plans." Remus said biting back a laugh.

"Finite." Harry released his hold on the downed Auror.

"Who in the seven hells is firing at us?" Tonks jumped up, ready to fight.

"That would be the fourth year that we are 'rescuing'." Disappointment evident in Moody's voice. Tonks looked to the ground trying to hide a flush of embarrassment, failing miserably as her hair turned Weasley red. "Let's get going." Harry led the way down the stairs to the kitchen where he could meet the rest of the 'Advanced Guard'.

"Harry, this is Emmeline Vance." A tall witch with emerald green robes and waist length brown hair smiled from near the dining room table. "This is Hestia Jones and Kingsley Shacklebolt." The pair standing near the back door conversing while waving their wand hands toward the sky as if they were scanning for incoming missiles. They simultaneously turned and waved before looking back towards the sky.

"Hello Ladies." Harry kissed both of their knuckles. "Good evening Mr. Shacklebolt." Everyone nodded hello. "What is the agenda for the rest of the night? I am quite positive that my relatives will be home sooner or later."

"We'll be leaving in a few minutes. Just waiting for the all clear sign." There was silence for a few seconds before there was a loud

popping sound. "That would be it. Everyone suit up we are leaving." Moody said, his eye swiveling around in his eye socket.

"I might have missed this part of the whole set up to leaving but how am I leaving? I cannot apparate yet." Harry looked at the faces of those around him. Remus gave a sheepish grin.

"We thought you might want to 'fly' out of here." Tonks said getting her hair and eyes under control.

"I am sorry, Tonks is it, for petrifying you. I did not mean it to be friendly fire in the least."

"It is all right. It shows that you are taking your safety to heart." From the back porch came a pile of brooms. Kingsley handed Harry his firebolt and they walked out the back door. The eight members of the Advanced Guard paired off and climbed on their brooms. They flew the long way to London, dodging planes, boats in the harbor, and doing fly-bys of innocent muggles. Harry was having the time of his life. There was never a time when he felt more free and happy than when he was in the air. Harry was supposed to stick with Tonks and Remus in order to be defended at any given moment. Tonks seemed to realize that he was enjoying dodging things and signaled to Remus to let her take the lead of their group. She began cutting in and out of buildings, flying down the middle of the street and then jumping out of the way of cars. Harry let out a whoop of joy. It was amazing for him to be able to be in the air and the obstacle course that Tonks was taking him on was just icing on the cake.

The group touched down in the middle of a small neighborhood park, surrounded by trees and under cover of darkness. Emmeline and Tonks ducked through the trees and checked the street behind them for people. Tonks came back through the brush and waved everyone closer. From his pocket Remus pulled a slip of paper from one of his pockets. For the first time Harry noticed how tired Remus looked, his clothes looked ragged, and he appeared to not have really slept in weeks. He took the paper from Remus with a questioning look.

"Read the paper cub, and we can talk later." Scrawled across the paper were the location and the name of the house. Suddenly, between houses eleven and thirteen another house began to grow. The muggles living on either side of the growing house did not even

seem to notice when their houses began moving to make way for number twelve. As the stairs appeared from nowhere the group crossed the street and walked to the door. Moody covering everyone's backs as they knocked twice on the door.

"Whose house is this?" Harry asked looking around the front hall.

"This is Grimmauld Place, seat of the Black Family. Currently, the primary residence of one Sirius Black. He should be around here somewhere." Tonks said looking down one of the dark halls. A figure approached from down a side hall. Tonks went to give them a hug and tripped over a horrid troll leg umbrella stand. A screeching wail came from a wall covered in curtains. As the curtains shifted in an invisible wind Harry caught sight of a woman in a chair against a background of a garden.

"Who is back there?"

"That would be my mother. Evil old Hag." Sirius smirked. Harry ran into his arms.

"I've missed you."

"Missed you too cub." Sirius eyed the rest of the people gathered in the hall. "I think Dumbledore wants to speak to all of you in the dining room. Something about birds." They all nodded and walked away down the hallway that Sirius had arrived from.

"Aren't you coming Sirius?" The grizzled, one-eyed auror asked tapping his wooden peg on the ground.

"No Moody, I'm going to show my godson to his room." Sirius answered with a smile, his eyes not leaving Harry.

"What do you mean my room?" Harry looked a little confused.

"I told you that I wanted you to come live with me. Against everyone's opinion, I have been setting you up a room here. Dumbledore informed me, that you would probably want to remain at your family's house."

"Why would I want to stay there? I hate living there. It has never been my home." There was a small flash of gold but neither of them

paid it any mind. Sirius, Remus and Harry walked up the stairs and away from the meeting. On the second floor Sirius stopped in front of a highly polished door. Carved into the door was an adolescent dragon mid flight.

"Harry, you remember how a few weeks ago I told you that I wanted you to move in with me?" Harry nodded. "This is your room to do with as you please while you are here." Sirius pushed the door open to reveal a room done unexpectedly in not red and gold but blues and greens. There was a four poster bed between two windows with emerald hangings. Embossed on the hangings was a gold emblem.

"Whats that?" Harry asked walking closer to get a good look at the emblem.

"That would be the Potter Family crest. It should have been shown to you since your birth so that you would always know where you came from."

"What do you mean should have?"

"I can never remember why we couldn't have shown you before." Sirius shook his head. "Anyways, we thought that this might be a great decor for you when Tonks and I were debating over it."

"Who is Tonks by the way?"

"Tonks is my cousin, like once removed; her real name is Nymphadora Black Tonks. Her mother, Andromeda, is my cousin. Well was. She was kicked from the family when she had the 'audacity' to court and marry a muggleborn. Adding insult to injury to the Family name by not following traditions." Sirius scoffed and flopped on an armchair tucked into the corner near the desk. Harry perched on the end of his bed. The voice in the back of his head that had been giving him advice for the last few weeks was whispering that there was more. He ignored it to spend time with Remus and Sirius.

The next morning Mrs. Weasley made breakfast for everyone. Harry stumbled down the stairs to the smell of bacon and biscuits. Finding the kitchen he pushed the door open to see twenty people gathered around the table and chowing down on food enough for fifty.

"Morning Sirius, Remus, Tonks and Moody." He nodded at each of them before grabbing a plate off of the counter and putting a few biscuits, three slices of bacon, a spoonful of eggs and some fruit on his plate. As he sat down the rest of the table looked up from their food.

"Harry, mate, when did you get here?" Harry could see the food in Ron's mouth as he was eating.

"Last night." Harry turned back to his plate.

'Eat the fruit first, then some of the eggs and the bacon. Why is there no yogurt or milk. Pumpkin juice does nothing for building muscles?' Harry's inner voice was apparently awake and ready to run a steady commentary on the day's events.

"Why didn't you say anything or come find us when you got here?" Hermione asked.

"Let's not get into this at the breakfast table while others are trying to eat before duty or work."

"Why ever not? It's not like they are listening." Small bits of food were falling from Ron's mouth as he spoke and landing on the table.

"Because Ron, it's not polite and I am hungry."

"What's that got to do with why you didn't come see us when you got here?" Hermione butted in pushing her plate aside and growling at Harry.

'Good Lord, she is a bossy little muggleborn isn't she? Where does she get off growling at you like you did something wrong when she ignored you all summer?' The voice whispered.

'She's OCD and Type A. It's just how she has always been.'

'Girls these days. Is no one raising their children to be respectable?'

"It has nothing to do with it, but I would rather eat in peace than talk about it." Harry knew that it would be difficult to eat if Hermione got on her soapbox.

"But we should talk about it." Hermione protested.

"Never mind, I was hungry. I'm going to my room." Harry took his plate to the trash, scrapped the last bit of eggs from it and put it in the sink.

"Oh Harry dear, we set you up to share with Ron for the rest of the summer."

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley but Sirius gave me my own room." Harry left, all eyes on him, with Mrs. Weasley silently fuming and Sirius smirking in the background. As the door shut Mrs. Weasley rounded on Sirius.

"He is supposed to be sharing a room with Ron, Albus thought it would help mend their friendship. Harry needs his friends."

"No, Harry needed his friends weeks ago. When he was still wallowing in guilt over Cedric's death. Did either of your children want to be his friend then, when a simple letter might have helped? Hermione didn't either." Sirius and Remus left the room heading towards the library. Once in his room Harry shut and locked the door before going over to his desk and pulling out a piece of parchment and a quill. He figured that he could write a friend who might be able to offer some insight.

Dear Neville,

I hope that this letter finds you in good spirits. There are many things that weigh heavily on my mind as this summer progresses. During the last year and the horrible tournament you were one of those few people that were steadfast on my side. You never questioned my statement that I did not and would not have put my name into that goblet. You helped me find the most useful information to keep myself from falling victim to the tasks.

I would also like to say that a certain nameless someone has told me about your family. I am sorry that a distant relative of mine would do that to your parents. Know this though, if I ever catch Bellatrix alive, she will be given to you to do with as you please. She is a bane upon the memory of your parents.

Neville, I would like to confide in you that I might not be at Hogwarts any longer. I have to go on trial for protecting my muggle cousin from a Dementor. I am pretty sure that they can't expel me because my cousin has known about magic my whole life. I've grown up in that house and he was there when I have done accidental magic. Since his memory was never erased, at least one department acknowledges him as having the right to know. It seems to me that at least one person in the Ministry is out to get me out of the Wizarding world for good.

Hoping the rest of your summer is grand,

Harry J Potter

Harry read through the letter one more time, marveling at how words just seemed to flow onto the paper in ways that he had never used before. It was as if something was changing the way that he thought and wrote. Shaking his head at his own wandering mind he folded it in thirds and sealed it with candle wax. In the drawer of his desk he found an iron stamp that matched the emblem that Sirius had told him was his family's crest. On a whim Harry pressed it into the wax as it was drying. Harry opened his window and thought about Hedwig. A few minutes later she flew in through the open window and landed on his bed.

"Good morning girl. How was your hunt last night?" Harry asked not expecting an answer. Instead he received a mental picture of a fat juicy mole being caught in the park near his Aunt and Uncle's place. "That must have tasted good." He could have sworn Hedwig nodded. "Would you be so kind as to take this to Neville Longbottom for me?" She held out her leg proudly. As she flew out the window Harry sat heavily on his bed trying to comprehend how his owl had been sending him mental pictures.

After lying on his bed for a good hour Harry wondered out of his room to see if he could find Ron, Hermione or Sirius. As he walked into a variety of rooms on the first floor he was annoyed by the disarray and the utter mess of the house. The room he decided to start in was a room covered in tapestries. These tapestries bore the names the members of Family Black. Harry went down to the kitchen to find a small bucket, some soap and a rag, to clean the grime off of the tapestry without making the colors run. As he

returned to the room he found Sirius sitting in the middle of the room looking at the walls like they would come alive and speak to him.

"Hi, Sirius. What are you doing?"

"Looking at the end of my family. I'm the last of the Blacks, all of these more honored relatives of mine have passed with horrible deaths. What are you up to?" Sirius said in a false cheery voice before changing subjects completely.

"I was going to try and clean some of the grime off of the tapestries. No one deserves to be forgotten by their family. I thought you had a house elf."

"I do, he is a little crazy."

"What's his name? He should really be doing his job."

"Kreacher." Sirius shivered at the thought of the demented little elf.

"Kreacher, your Master calls you." Harry spoke in a clear, strong voice that Sirius hadn't heard from him. All of a sudden Harry reminded him of James' father, when he was arranging things to take care of his family. There was a small pop and an almost broken house elf appeared in the corner of the room.

"Dirty halfblood calls like he is Master. Poor Mistress would be very angry." The house elf muttered glaring around the room. He seemed to regret still being in the house.

'Make him regret being a bad house elf. Sirius' mother had his esteem.' The voice was at it again.

"Kreacher, why have you failed your Mistress?" Harry smiled as the house elf's face dropped and his eyes searched for something. "Why have you disrespected the family by not keeping this house in pristine condition? What if another pureblood family had come over to pay their respects to Mrs. Black in her passing? This house would shame the family." The house elf's eyes bulged.

"Poor Mistress, failed you I have." Sirius watched as a smirk settled on Harry's face.

"She doesn't have to know Kreacher. Here I was going to clean the tapestries, use my bucket. Would you like some help? It is an awfully large house." Tears spilled from Kreacher's eyes.

"Little Master wants to help me?" He paused. "But Little Master wants to get me help. He doesn't think that I can do this. I have disappointed him too."

"No Kreacher, you have not disappointed me. I have a house elf, quite like you, that has no place to work for me since I own no home of my own yet. I would like to bring him here to learn from you how to care for a proper house."

"Honored I am, to be trusted with training. Kreacher will help Little Master."

"Thank you. Dobby, Harry Potter needs you." Suddenly a bundle of hats and socks appeared, arms wrapped around Harry's legs.

"The Great Harry Potter has called me. I've been waiting for you to call me. I almost took up at Hogwarts. Almost." The house elf called Dobby wore three hats, two different socks, a child size shirt and a tea cozy balanced on top of the hats.

"Thank you Dobby. But, let go before you cut off my circulation." Harry said trying to peel the smaller elf from his body. "Sirius meet Dobby, the house elf that made it his duty to try and save me from the Basilisk in second year. Dobby this is my Godfather." Dobby latched on to Sirius' leg.

"Dobby this is Kreacher he will be retraining you. I do not know what the Malfoy's have taught you but I want you trained to be a proper house elf to the Potter and Black families. He will show you to your housing and help you locate the appropriate uniform. Neither Sirius nor I am impressed with the dishrags that either of you are wearing. We would prefer pants or skirts and a polo type shirt with the family crest on the pocket as the new standard uniform. There will be two galleons on the kitchen table in the morning in order for you to acquire the necessary items to make our wishes reality."

'Great control. Issued orders were clear and precise. Both house elves seem to be ready to be at your beck and call. Good call

informing them where you would be leaving money for them to use to change their uniforms.'

Kreacher grabbed a hold of Dobby's arm and dragged him from the room in order to get their training under way. Sirius sat in his chair, his mind racing. Where had the pureblood prince come from that was issuing orders, making the house elf do what they should have been doing from the beginning? Harry had grown up with muggles but he could almost put the Malfoy's to shame. The longer that Sirius thought about it the more he kept thinking that his own mother would have been pleased to see the man that Harry was becoming.

"Harry lets go work in the library. There are many things in there that I might need some help with. Remus should be here later with Tonks. Besides we could really get to know each other."

"If there is a library won't Hermione be camped in the middle of it?"

"She would if there wasn't a blood ward repelling her from the area of the house. For generations the secrets of the Blacks have been kept in that library. There are spells and enchantments that only those of the family can use. Being my godson the library will respond to you."

"That's cool. Let's do some organizing. Are we getting rid of anything?"

"Some items. But most of the knowledge that is contained within the items upstairs is generations old and it would be a shame to destroy it now that the Light is in charge."

"Is there anything of your mother's that we can reward Kreacher with for his attitude change?"

"I am sure that we can find something."

Sirius and Harry left the Lineage Room and headed towards the first floor library. They took the long way around through the dining room when Harry heard Hermione and Ron arguing in the Hallway. They were searching for him. Ron kept circling around the idea that Harry wouldn't be in the library unless Hermione was forcing him. Harry snorted at her insistence that she was the only reason that they

were going to pass Hogwarts. Harry and Sirius were joined in the library after about an hour by Remus and Tonks.

Chapter 2

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

Harry stretched his arms over his head and twisted his back, a sigh escaping at the series of cracks that released the tensions in his back. Harry had been silently pouring over tomes since breakfast. Sirius was debating how to rearrange the bookcases to be more accessible. 'This is a good start but I need to find more information. There has to be something more that I can do.' Pushing aside the last of the books that Sirius and Remus had pulled from the shelves for him, he ventured over to the pedestal in the middle of the room. Picking up the quill Harry wrote one word on the blank page, laws. The facing page was suddenly filled with titles and locations of books that would be useful to him. Under laws he wrote 'underage' and under that he wrote 'muggles'. The three books that were now written on the other page all dealt with underage magic and the statute of secrecy. He pulled two of them from the shelf and settled back in his chair to take some more notes. Already Harry had three rolls of parchment with notes and law codes copied onto them.

As he read and took notes Sirius, Remus and Tonks gathered on the small couches by a roaring fire. On a silver tray near Sirius' left hand was an empty teapot and a half full bowl of sugar. He rang a small bell and Kreacher appeared with a fresh pot and clean cups. Dobby set a tray of croissants and fruit on the low coffee table before both elves disappeared. Tonks leaned forward and snagged a croissant along with a small pad of butter and a finger bowl with raspberry preserves.

"Sirius, if Mum wouldn't have left the family would I have grown up like this?"

"Nym, you might not have been born if your mother hadn't left the family. But yes, this is how most upper crust purebloods live." Sirius spoke as he poured himself a new glass and took a croissant from the tray.

"Have either of you noticed anything different about Harry?" Remus scooped some fruit onto a saucer and took a bite of dragonfruit.

"When we went to get him he seemed very paranoid, almost Moody-esque." Tonks said remembering coming to on the dirty floor of

Harry's room, in the dark the only thing that she could know for sure was that there were no Death Eaters. When Moody had told her that she barely made it in the room before Harry had taken her out and then come after him and Remus, Tonks had felt her world break. She had been sure that Moody was going to report her to the department and get her sent back to training.

"For a few moments after you went down we thought that the Death Eaters had already moved Harry and were just lying in wait for us to arrive to kill us all."

"Bet that Moody was proud of him for being prepared and on the defense when you arrived." Sirius said with a chuckle.

"He was ecstatic, kept asking me who was training Harry without anyone knowing it. You should have seen his face when I told him that no one was training him it was priceless."

"What did he do exactly?" Sirius sipped his tea.

"He was waiting for us. Regardless of the silencing and invisibility charms he knew where we were. He knew about the people that Moody had given the task of securing the neighborhood. It's like he had put up some kind of ward that didn't interfere with our monitoring and surveillance charms." Remus paused for a second. "It was almost like..."

"Like it was a different Harry. The Harry, he should have been if his parents and grandparents were still alive." Sirius paused and dabbed a tear from his eye. "It's like he has been hiding this from us the whole time that he has been at Hogwarts."

"Like what? Other than taking out Tonks, I haven't seen anything."

"This morning, I was in the Lineage Room just staring at things, remembering slightly happier times. He comes in with a bucket and a couple of rags. He was going to clean the tapestry. In remembrance of those that had passed. He asked if we had a house elf. When I told him we did and that said elf was crazy, he called him. Kreacher actually responded. Harry called him to terms on the fact that the house was a mess and what my Mother would have thought. Then he summoned his elf, not one I've ever seen, and told

Kreacher to retrain him. They listened. Kreacher started calling him Little Master. He still calls me all kinds of names."

"So he knows how to talk to Kreacher. Big deal." Tonks said sipping a tall glass of juice.

"Except that the voice that he used sent chills down my spine and for a moment I thought that I was sitting in the guest quarters while Lord Potter ordered the elves to bring my stuff to the family quarters since I would be considered family from that moment on." Sirius looked over at Harry sitting amongst a pile of books that never seemed to get smaller even though the pile of books to be returned to the shelves kept growing.

"I think Harry has mastered the retrieval system for the books." Sirius nodded towards Remus and turned back towards his cup of tea. "Has anyone talked to him about Cedric's death?"

"Dumbledore told us that Harry didn't want to talk and that he would come to us when he was ready."

"Tonks you really didn't buy that crap did you?" Sirius said. "How many Aurors are forced to see a counselor after the first time they see a person die? When a teammate dies? They all are."

"But Dumbledore talked to Harry about things. So I guess he had some counseling."

"Remus did you try talking to him?"

"Umm. No. I haven't really talked to him since I stopped teaching at Hogwarts."

"Remus, you were his only link to his family. You had a responsibility to Harry to help him learn about his family. There are things he is supposed to ..." Sirius paused. "Isn't the weather lovely today?"

"I believe it is, I haven't been outside yet." Remus said startled by the sudden change in Sirius' demeanor.

"What were we talking about?" Sirius asked shaking his head.

"You were yelling at Remus about why he hasn't been in Harry's life before making an off the wall statement about the weather."

"That's odd. Anyways, Remus why don't you talk to Harry later about what is going on in his life. I'll try tonight after dinner."

"If he is emulating Moody then he isn't going to say anything to you about what is going on. We might as well just keep an eye on him and be there for him when he decides that he needs our help."

He had been in the library for more than two hours when an owl bearing a green suede collar and a medallion flew through the open window.

'I do believe that, that owl belongs to a Noble family. Perhaps the Longbottom Family, which would mean that it is Neville's reply.' The owl landed on the back of Harry's chair and tapped him on the shoulder with a claw.

Dear Harry,

I had hoped that your summer would have been better than it had been in years past. Unfortunately I have already heard about your trial. As a member of the Wizengamot-in-training we are required to attend to a specific number of trials a year. Most of the Lords and Ladies that are learning at Hogwarts will be there.

If I read your last letter correctly you should be fine when asked about the crime on the stand. As long as you can prove that the Dursleys are your family and that you have lived with them your whole life. Did you happen to keep you Hogwarts Letter? I know that most purebloods think nothing of the letters but as you were raised by Muggles I am guessing that you might have. As a reminder of when your life changed.

Where are you staying until the trial? Do you need a place to stay? The Grand Lady Longbottom, or My Grandmother when she isn't in a mood, has offered you a room at our Manor should you need a place to sleep.

Sincerely,

Neville Emerson, Lord Longbottom, in training

"Thank you for the letter, there are owl treats on the stand in the corner." The owl hooted gratefully before fluttering across the room to land on the copper stand.

"Harry, can I ask you a question?" Remus said sitting down in one of the other chairs at the table that Harry had piled high with books. 'This is not going to go well. At least for him.'

"Of course. I shall do my best to answer any question that you may have."

"Sirius said that you have changed in other ways than what I noticed when we picked you up." Harry studied Remus' face for a few minutes.

'Has he taken the steps to protect his mind? Can anyone read it?' Harry paused in his study of Remus

'Am I protected? Can people read my mind?' Harry questioned the voice.

'You are protected. There are natural barriers in your mind.' The voice answered.

"Can you keep a secret Remus? Can you speak of it to no one? Is your mind protected or are you an open book?"

"You can trust me Harry. You always can."

'I wouldn't be too sure of that.' The voice warned.

"Yes Remus, but is your mind your own?" Harry smiled sadly, wishing that he could believe one of his father's last friends.

"What do you mean?" Harry stood and stretched his arms over his head.

"Remus, if you can't protect your mind from others reading it; then I cannot trust you with my secret. Now, if you will excuse me, I'm going to the atrium to admire some plants as a mental break." Harry left Remus standing stunned by the pile of books on the table.

As the door closed Remus walked back over towards the armchairs by the fireplace. He flopped into a chair next to Tonks with a huff. He watched the firelight flicker across the black marble of the mantelpiece. The red flames continued to catch his eye regardless of Tonks trying to get his attention. After a few minutes, he looked away from the flames and noticed that Tonks was talking to him. He begged their pardon and asked Tonks to repeat herself.

"What did he say?" Tonks poured herself another glass of juice.

"That until I can assure him that my mind is my own, he will not tell me anything."

"What does he mean by that?" Sirius asked.

"I don't know. It sounds like he thinks that people are able to see his secret in our minds."

"But who would or even could do that?" Tonks whispered.

"That is another thing to figure out." Sirius said buttering another croissant and breaking it into pieces. They sat in silence for a little while before going about their own tasks.

Harry walked down the mahogany-paneled halls, enjoying the paintings that lined the walls. As he turned the corner towards the stairs the paintings were replaced by twenty three well preserved House elf heads under glass jars with small brass plaque beneath them. Each plaques bore the name of the elf, their death date and a few words about them.

'Is this a punishment or a wall of Honor?'The voice spoke again.

"Kreacher." Harry called on the one being that would be able to tell him the true story of the elf heads.

"Yes Young Master." Kreacher appeared wearing a small pair of black pants and a silver blazer.

"Please, I am confused. What are these heads mounted here on the wall for?" Harry asked the little elf.

"They are memorials for good and faithful house elves that have proved their worth to the family before their death. All Black family elves strive to be there. Remembered forever as a model house elf." Kreacher said with pride in his voice.

"But why place their heads on the wall?"

"Young Master, our magic does not work with Wizarding paintings."

"Ah, I see. Thank you for the insight." Kreacher smiled crookedly and disappeared. Harry turned the corner to hear footsteps coming up the stairs. As Ron and Hermione came up the stairs Harry paused near the landing.

"Good Morning guys." Harry forced himself to sound cheerful, while his mind was on other non-cheerful topics.

"Hey, you missed breakfast." Ron said, always the one to mention food first.

"I know. I got up early and was talking to Sirius about his family."

"What are those behind you?" Hermione was too intent on glaring at the heads to read the plaques beneath them.

"Those are house-elf memorials." Harry said knowing that this was not going to end well for him, he braced for the yelling that would start.

"But they are heads. How is that a memorial?" Hermione stamped her foot.

"I asked Kreacher about them. He said that all of the elves of this family strive to be up there. To them it is a proof of a job well done." Ron winced as Harry said that.

"That is ridiculous. How is that a reward?"

"Can we please not get into this now?" Harry glared at Hermione. "What have you two been up to?" Harry said changing the topic with ease.

"Cleaning. Mum wants this place less gloomy before school starts." Ron said coming to Harry's rescue and trying to distract Hermione with their tasks.

"Without magic. Not like we could use it anyways." Hermione said re-entering the conversation with a look that said the earlier subject had not been dropped.

"Yeah, 'it's good for you'" Ron scoffed. "Ginny is stuck helping mum organize and clean the kitchen."

"What room did she want you to clean?" Harry asked looking around the hall. It had to be on this floor or higher if they were on their way upstairs.

"Mrs. Weasley wants the three of us to clean the room with the family tree on the wall."

"Oh, well then it is already done." Ron and Hermione looked confused. "I had Kreacher clean it this morning."

"Harry Potter! You can't be ordering Kreacher around. It's not right."

"Hermione, it's their job to manage this house. Besides I didn't order him I asked him if he could help me with it while I cleaned."

"I don't believe you. How could you enslave an elf?" Hermione jumped back on her rant that she had not forgotten about from a few moments ago.

"Hermione, leave him alone. It's not even his elf. Kreacher belongs to Sirius." Ron tried stopping her again before they got into another fight about house elves and their rights as creatures.

"Thanks Ron. Let's go check out the Lineage Room to see if Kreacher needs help." Harry led them down the hall and around another corner towards the Lineage Room.

He pushed open the door to a room that surprised even him. The dark and dingy room that even this morning was a mess had been transformed in a few hours. The Lineage Room was lit by a beautiful wrought-iron chandelier that caused the silver and gold threads on the family tree to sparkle. Sitting in each corner of the room was a

fern, potted in a copper urn with long strands of ivy hanging down the sides. Placed along the walls were wrought iron stands with candles atop each pedestal. Low benches with dark green velvet and burnished gold buttons were placed between the candle pedestals. As they studied the room's new decor Hermione studied the tapestry itself.

"Harry what are these burn marks?"

"They represent members of the family that have been 'blasted off of the family tree'"

"So they were bad people?" Ron asked looking over the tapestry.

"No, people that did things that the Patriarch or the Matriarch did not agree with." Harry eyed the tapestry for a second. "This one should read Andromeda Serena Black. A gold line should have tied her to Theodore Tonks and then a silver line leading to Nym Tonks." Harry pointed to a charred spot about a foot away from Sirius' name.

"What did she do?"

"She married a muggleborn, against her parents' wishes, of course. Apparently, she was the oldest of all the Black cousins so they saw her as setting a bad example for Narcissa, Bellatrix, Sirius and Regulus. She jumped ship the day before her betrothal contract was supposed to be finalized."

"But, no one uses betrothal contracts anymore." Hermione said, thinking that this was a family trapped in the medieval days.

"The Wizarding world does." Harry tried cutting her off.

"That's barbaric." Hermione exclaimed.

"No, it's Tradition." Ron spoke up. He pointed to a name further up the wall. "Desdemona A. Black was promised to Alric Weasley, second son of Lord Weasley, in their third year at school. They married a year after Hogwarts. Signed the contract in blood officially on the eighth day of March after the birth of their first son, Alanton."

"Signed after the birth of their child?" Hermione was trying to find a way to prove her point with what Ron had just told her.

"No, signed in blood, after the birth of their child." Ron looked up with a smirk on his face. "Is this how it feels to know something that someone else doesn't? I like it."

"Tell me Ronald." Hermione snapped.

"Calm down. Let him bask. He is used to having to ask you for most information. This is a Pureblood Tradition. Let him tell us about it, as one of the few Purebloods that we know." Harry whispered in her ear.

"Okay, in the Wizarading World all marriages are sealed with a contract signed at the ceremony. The ceremony itself is a contract. It's almost completely magically binding. The marriage isn't binding until a child is born. The child must be born within three years or the marriage is annulled by Magic itself."

"That's a horrible tradition." Hermione glowered. "How can people abide by it?"

"Because it was a requirement of magic. Sure, you can get married without having the ceremony and without the contracts but it isn't recommended." Ron said with a look of dislike and disdain on his face.

"And why not?" Hermione asked stubbornly.

"Because, there is no safety without the contracts and ceremony. Right Ron?" Harry answered, recalling things his mother had written about the contract between her and his father.

"Yeah. Part of the ceremony and contracts imposes certain rules upon both parties. But the children rule allows for people to get out of marriages with a spouse that is barren. The other style of marriage was created only for couples that could not produce children and still wanted to remain together."

"It is still barbaric." Ron stormed from the room. As the door slammed Harry turned on Hermione.

"Do you have to butt heads with every Wizarading Tradition that you come across? If you are so against Magic Traditions and

Ceremonies than why do you bother hanging out with Purebloods and Halfbloods. These traditions are a part of our lives, part of our magic." Hermione still looked at him in defiance. "Did it even cross your mind that when he said 'all Wizarding Weddings' were this way that Ron's parents and mine were included in that. I found my Mother's old diary at my Aunt's house in the attic. She wrote about the ceremony and the deeper connectopn to my father it gave her, with great love." With that said, Harry left the room to go find Ron before he told any of the married or pureblooded Order members what Hermione had said. Hermione crumpled onto one of the benches as Harry slammed the door. She could hear him calling for Ron

As Harry searched for Ron he went to the kitchen, knowing that when Ron's emotions got the best of him he went looking for food. Mrs. Weasley was nowhere in sight; but Ginny was standing in front of the sink scrubbing dishes. Her hair was pulled back in a loose bun on top of her head. Ginny had an apron pulled over her green tee shirt and knee length gold skirt. She was bobbing her head to a tune from the Weird Sisters that was playing on the wireless in the corner.

"Gin, have you seen Ron?" Ginny spun around, flinging soap bubbles as she went.

"You scared me Harry." She wiped her hands on her apron. "No, I haven't seen Ron. But he could have come through here and I wouldn't have noticed. I just started the dishes but before that I was in the Larder organizing so that when Mum came back from the grocer I could put the new food away. Why what's up?"

"Hermione opened her big mouth and insulted almost all of the people we know." Harry snagged a muffin off of the counter.

"How did she do that?"

"She found out about Marriage Contracts and Traditions. You know how she gets when she thinks that something is 'barbaric'." Harry bit into a three berry muffin with sugar topping.

"Oh no. So I guess he stormed off in order to not throttle her." Ginny smiled and tucked a loose hair behind her ear. "Let me finish up here and I will come help. Mum should be gone for more than an hour. As Ginny turned back to the dish water Harry came up beside

her and started to dry the dishes that were on the counter before putting them away in the cabinet. Within ten minutes they were finished and left the kitchen to hunt for Ron.

"Let's start with the ground floor and work our way up." Ginny suggested.

"Okay, what rooms are down here that Ron might be in?"

"Um, I don't think that he would be in the Dining Room. The last time we were in there we found a giant family of spiders the size of dinner plates in one of the cabinets." Ginny giggled remembering when Ron dropped a stack of dishes and ran out of the room screaming, just a week ago.

"He might still be in there. No one would think to find Ron in a room known for having large spiders. Are there any other rooms down here?"

"Nope, the basement is just the kitchen, the larder, the butler's pantry and the boiler room. But Kreacher is living in the boiler room for now."

"Ok. Off we go then. We really can't let Ron tell any of the adults. Hermione would get sent home, and would probably never speak to any of us again." The pair walked up the stairs from the basement. On their left was the dining room and across the hall from them was the parlor. Looking between the two they decided to check the dining room first and then move into the parlor.

"Wow, I didn't know that this was a black marble table." Ginny walked over to the table and ran her hand across the sparkling surface. "Harry, did you guys clean in here?"

"No. But I might know what happened. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes. Any secret you tell me, I can keep." Ginny nodded, blushing slightly.

"Dobby has become my house elf. He is here with Kreacher, whom I seem to be the only one that he seems to get along with. Kreacher is teaching Dobby how to manage a house to my standards. I guilted

Kreacher into cleaning the whole house since this wasn't a place for visiting purebloods to see."

"Wow. I never thought anyone could get along with Kreacher."

"Kreacher, can you please come here." Harry stated.

"Yes, Young Master?"

"Did you and Dobby take care of the spiders and other creatures in this room?"

"Yes, Young Master. Dobby said that you might want to keep at least two specimens of each creature though. We caged them and spelled them not be able to reproduce and placed them in the classroom near your bedroom."

"Thank you Kreacher. Please pass on to Dobby that that was very thoughtful. Please do so for any other creatures that you find in the house. Are you in need of anything in order to finish the house?"

"Young Master, we would like to know if we could bring in at least two more house elves. Both female preferably in order to handle the mending, cooking and tending to the ladies of the House?"

"That seems like a wonderful idea Kreacher." Kreacher seemed to brighten. "Do you have any house elves in mind for the positions? How would we go about procuring two more house elves?"

"Dobby suggested the female house elf named Winky that is living at Hogwarts. She did not bond with the castle and is wasting away. All you would have to do is write a letter addressed to the house elf council stating that you are considering employing another house elf for the Family Black and would like them to recommend a few wonderful lady's maid elves in which you can choose from."

"Thank you Kreacher. Pass on our thanks to Dobby. I will get to writing this letter and finding you two some help." Kreacher popped away with a smile on his face. Harry ushered Ginny back out of the dining room and across the hall to the Parlor. As they entered the Parlor they saw that not only were all of the cobwebs gone but there was also more light in the room. In the corner stood a baby grand piano with a silver music stand beside it. The room was lit by gas

powered sconces placed every few feet along the wall. There were three green velvet sofas near the fireplace with beautiful glass and wrought iron side tables. There were small snakes of sparkling jewels laid into the twists of the metal. This room showed the family's dedication to the House of Slytherin's mascot. There were little snakes made of emeralds in the glass surrounds for the lamps. Since they didn't see him in the room they closed the doors and head back into the hall. At the end of the hall was an oak door with flowers and trees etched into the door frame.

"Let's try the back garden."

"Yeah. At home he likes to go outside when he gets mad." As they walked out the back door the house did not disappear behind them.

"I guess the gardens were included within the wards." Harry said as he looked out over the hedges and flowers he smiled. Gardens were always a place that he felt at home and at peace with what is around him. He never really minded when his entire list of chores was things that would have him outside for the entire day.

"These roses are beautiful." Ginny was looking at a bush of roses that changed colors randomly. "These are Prism Roses. They change colors based on the intensity of light that they get."

"They are beautiful. I would love to get a few of these blooms and put them in the Dining Room for dinner tonight."

"I will handle that Master Harry Potter, sir." Dobby popped in and gathered a handful of blooms and then disappeared again. The pair continued their walk through the garden and came to a wall of hedges. They walked along the hedge and came across a small arbor set deep in the hedge. Ginny pushed open the gates of the arbor and walked through, disappearing from sight. Harry steeled his nerves and walked through after her. In the center of the walled off area was a tall oak tree with a ring of white stones set out six feet in all directions from the tree. On a bench near one of the corners was Ron, his head in his hands.

"Ron," Ginny yelled causing his head to shoot up and him turn away.

"Let me talk to him for a minute before you come over. If he is still upset at her he might not want you to see him angry with her." She

noded in agreement and walked away to sit on another bench. Harry sat down on the bench near Ron.

"Why does she have to find something wrong with every Wizarding Tradition that she finds out about?" Ron said ripping a leaf apart in despair.

"To her, growing up muggle, there is a giant difference between how muggles do things and how wizards do things. Muggles put aside marriage contracts in most countries over a hundred years ago. She doesn't understand that house elves need to be bound to a house in order not to go crazy."

"I've never heard of a muggleborn being more anti-Tradition than she is. Even couples that are both muggleborn have embraced the tradition and ceremony of wizarding life. She can't put aside her radical views or synthesize them with our traditions. Harry, you were basically raised muggle. I don't hear or see you going against our Traditions or Ceremonies."

"I have my mom's diary telling me of her trips through most of the ceremonies and traditions that she came across." Harry smiled. "Come on. Your Mum should be home soon. Let's go inside and see if she will need any help preparing dinner."

"Do you think that they have a book that Hermione could read about our Traditions in?" Ron asked, kicking at the small stones on the path. Ginny joined them near the gate.

"Probably. I will look around the Black Library and check out Diagon Alley while I am in London tomorrow."

All three headed inside, to find Mrs. Weasley placing bags of food on the kitchen counter. Harry took the meats and items that would have to go in the iceboxes and walked into the Larder with them. Ginny and Ron took the rest of the food between them and they began organizing and putting the food away. When they had finished they stood before Mrs. Weasley while she questioned them about what they had done that day.

"Ron, have you and Harry finished cleaning the Lineage Room?"

"Um, Mrs. Weasley we might have cheated." Harry answered on their behalf.

"What do you mean cheated?"

"I had a long talk with Kreacher this morning. He and Dobby, my personal house elf, are cleaning the entire house. Kreacher just needed to be shocked out of his insanity."

"That's not really cheating Harry." Mrs. Weasley said with a smile.

"It is if they have already cleaned half of the house and replaced the furniture that needed to be replaced."

"Well then boys. I guess the rest of your summer should be spent studying for school." Mrs. Weasley smiled at them. "Where is Hermione?"

"She is upstairs somewhere." Ron said trying to hide the tone in his voice that would have told his mother that there were problems.

"Well you three can go upstairs and relax. I am going to start dinner in about two hours so it should be ready by five thirty. Do you want tea sent up at four or not?"

"We will take tea in the second floor classroom. It is apparently near my room. Kreacher and Dobby should know where it is." The trio turned and walked up to the second floor. When they reached the classroom that Dobby had told Harry about, they propped open the door and peered in. There were four study corners complete with bookshelves and reams of parchment. In the middle of the room was a large row of containers. Each container was labeled with what was within it. Above each desk was a line of black drawing a box around the desk itself. Posted on the wall was a small sign that read 'when working on potions please employ the fume hoods by saying 'fumes il collettore'.' There was a door set into the wall on the far side. Ginny stepped up and opened the door to find rows of creatures in small containment areas that kept them from interacting with any of the other animals. Harry sat down at the desk that he was claiming as his own. Pulling out a piece of parchment and a quill with emerald ink he sat down to write a letter.

Dear Neville,

Thank you for your response to my letter. How many of our classmates are Lords and Ladies in training? It surprises me that I have never heard anyone say that they are in training to be members of the Wizengamot. Anyways, yes I still have my Hogwarts Letter. I kept it to prove to myself that I belong here. I should also have copies of my registration paperwork for the different Muggle schools that I attended. I am staying at my Godfather's house. Professor Lupin had the pass codes to it and thought that it was somewhere no one would think to look for me. I thank your Grandmother, the Grand Lady Longbottom, for the offer of housing me even though it is apparently well known that I am being charged with a crime.

I look forward to seeing you at the trial tomorrow then. Have a peaceful night.

Sincerely,

Harry James of House Potter

Harry folded the letter over on itself and sealed it with a bit of green and gold wax. As an afterthought, he grabbed a copper press that had his families crest stamped onto the underside of it. After pressing it into the cooling wax he called for Dobby.

"Yes, Master Harry Potter, sir?"

"I would like for you to give this letter to the owl that should still be in our Library. If he is not there please call for Hedwig and send it with her. I noticed that when the letter from Neville arrived the owl had a collar with the family crest on it. Please locate me one for Hedwig with the Potter family crest on it. If you cannot find one please have one made. The crest, if you need one to compare it to, is on the hangings around my bed."

"Of course." Dobby took the letter and disappeared.

The three of them spent the next two hours sipping on their tea and going over homework that was assigned before the previous term had ended. Occasionally, they would ask each other a question but they worked most of the time in silence. Dobby popped into the room at five thirty to tell them that dinner was going to be served in

the dining room in ten minutes. Harry asked if the others had left the library yet and Dobby told him no. Harry sent him to tell them about dinner and finished the section of the essay that he was working on and closed up his desk area. Once the three of them had cleaned up their areas they headed down to dinner.

Dinner was a very subdued affair. Mostly to the fact that Hermione was ignoring the other three teens and they were pretending that she wasn't at the same table. Mrs. Weasley had decided to serve more food than she normally would, which was a good thing because half of the order showed up to eat. There was a minor seating problem when Albus and Sirius got into a glaring contest over the seat at the head of the table. Being that it was Sirius' table Albus moved to another chair and no one knew the difference. Harry went to bed after dinner knowing that it was only going to be a few hours in the morning before his trial in which to rehearse what he wanted to say.

The next morning Harry was awakened by a pounding on his door. He tried to ignore it and drift back into the dream he was having but it was impossible, the dream was gone. Getting up he threw a robe around himself and stalked towards the door. A quick look at the clock told him that it was only six o'clock in the morning. Most of the house was still asleep. Mrs. Weasley might be the only person awake but even she would not be out of bed for another thirty minutes.

"Harry open up. You need to prepare for your trial." Hermione said as she pounded on the door again. Harry took his time. Instead of opening the door he took his robe back off and wandered into his large closet to get dressed for the day. After pulling on a pair of black pants that went with his uniform and a dark green dress shirt that he had no clue how it had gotten into his closet.

"Yes, Hermione. What do you want at six thirty in the morning?" Harry rubbed some sleep from his eyes.

"You need to come with me downstairs and prepare for your trial." Hermione had her hair pulled back, glasses on and her bathrobe pulled tight around her, but she fiddled with the end of the robe's belt as she talked.

"Hermione, I've been preparing for days now. I think I can handle it."
Harry leaned against his door, covering a yawn with his head.

"Harry, be realistic. You need help. You couldn't have done this on your own."

"Couldn't have done this on my own? Are you trying to say that I am dumb or something Hermione?"

"I'm saying that you can't be that well prepared, because you usually have problems focusing on staying awake while studying." Harry glared at her.

"Hermione, I have six hours till the trial, I just need to rest, eat, get there early and speak."

"How are you going to defend yourself?"

"I shouldn't have to Hermione." Harry slammed his hand flat on the wall. "I was protecting my family. The only non magical person that saw it was my relatives."

"I knew I should go with you today. You can't be prepared; you'll be expelled for sure. Why don't you care?" Hermione's face was growing red.

"No, Hermione. You aren't coming with me. I need more sleep, not a mini interrogation before my trial."

"Fine, I'll see you downstairs so we can go over your case."

"Hermione! I have this under control. I did all my research here in the Black Library."

"There isn't a library here."

"Yes, there is but you aren't family so you wouldn't find it."

"Then how did you get in. You aren't a Black."

"That's right Hermione. But I am the Godchild of one. By Old Laws that makes me a Black and therefore able to enter the Library at will." Hermione huffed before turning and walking away towards the

stairs. Harry flopped into the chair next to his desk. Looking over the scrolls of his notes for the trial he smiled. There was no way they could convict him. They didn't have any real evidence. Pulling out a small pad of legal paper he began to copy key points and law numbers so that he didn't have to carry all of the scrolls.

'It's alright Harry, she'll come around. It's the melding of two worlds in her eyes. She has to come to grips with a few facts. Hermione will be good before the school year starts.'

'Are you sure about that? I only understand that there are Traditions and ways that have been stated by Magic itself because I have you telling me about them, and mum's diary. '

'Yes but you came into this world to know your parents and to stay here. Hermione probably plans on trying to live between the two worlds.'

'Am I going to be able to tell anyone about you? I mean some of them think that I am going crazy... or that someone has replaced me with a doppelganger.'

'You can talk about me after your birthday. Sirius and Remus should remember hearing about me by then. And one of them should take you to Gringotts on your birthday, in the morning, to visit your Family Vault.'

'What Family Vault?'

'I'll tell you about that later. It's not important now. Getting you out of this farce of a trial is the important step.'

There was a softer knock on the door. Harry finished the lines that he was copying and blew lightly on the ink, out of habit. As he stood he grabbed the closest thing to formal robes he had and slipped his best Hogwarts robe around his shoulders. The clock now read seven forty and breakfast for everyone but Ron would be on the table. Expecting Sirius to be the one at the door Harry flung it open. Standing in the doorway was Ron.

"Hey Harry. Are you ready?"

"Um. Yeah. I need to get some real food. It might settle my stomach." Harry smiled and grabbed his legal pad off of the desk. Placing his wand in his back pocket he and Ron left for the kitchen. As they entered the kitchen Harry was bombarded by well wishes.

"Hey, don't worry kid. You can always live here with Sirius if they do expel you." Tonks said her hair a bright shade of purple.

"Thanks Tonks. That's comforting. Kind of."

"Here you go boys. Have some breakfast." Mrs. Weasley placed a large plate of eggs, sausage and roasted potatoes in front of each boy. "You boys need your strength."

"Thank you Mrs. Weasley." Harry said as he sat down. He could feel eyes on him, seeming to drill into the side of his head. Harry turned and at the end of the table was Hermione, sitting stiffly like she had been there, in the same spot since six that morning. Ginny sat down beside him and handed both him and Ron a glass of Pumpkin juice. "While this is delicious, Mrs. Weasley do you have any other kinds of juice, apple or grape perhaps?"

"Of course I do dear. I just thought that since it was your favorite you would like it for breakfast this morning."

"I thank you for your concern Mrs. Weasley. I'm going to be okay." As he looked around the room again he noticed that a familiar face was missing from the table. "Where is Mr. Weasley?"

"He is finishing getting ready. He got called in last night after you turned in, apparently someone went on a insulting mirrors spree." A second later Mr. Weasley walked down the stairs.

"How are you feeling Harry?" Harry shrugged his answer and pushed his eggs around the plate. "It'll all be over soon. In a few hours you will be on your way back here, cleared of all charges." Harry still did not respond.

"Your hearing will be on the same floor as my office. In Amelia Bone's office. She is the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and she is the one that will be questioning you."

"Amelia Bones is okay, Harry." said Tonks earnestly. "She is fair, she will hear you out."

"All well and good if my trial was before her. I know that I should shortly be receiving a letter stating that my trial is being moved to the main courtroom, in front of the full Wizengamot." There were gasps around the kitchen.

"How do you know this Harry?"

"Neville Longbottom told me that all of the Lords and Ladies in training of the Wizengamot were invited to attend, as one of the many trials that they are required to watch in order to move forward in their training."

"When did you write to Neville?"

"When I got here. He was a pureblood that might have known more about what goes on in the Wizengamot."

"When were they going to inform you about that?"

"Umm... probably in another hour... when I would have to rush to get there."

"Well we might as well get a move on then. No sense in giving them more ammo to use against you." Nodding good-bye to everyone in the kitchen Harry and Mr. Weasley walked up the stairs to retrieve their cloaks and leave. Down the street from the townhouse they walked into the dimly lit underground station and took a train deeper into London.

Harry spent most of their walk trying to keep Mr. Weasley from standing out amongst the muggles. When Mr. Weasley made a startled sound as the turnstile on the way out of the underground swallowed his ticket. He ogled at the business men and women in their gray and black business suits with their briefcases in one hand and a steaming travel cup of coffee in the other.

"Harry, do all muggles dress alike?" He whispered as they walked up the stairs.

"Only the ones in the corporate worlds. They tend to dress in a way that shows no hint of their life outside of the office. It's not a uniform per say but it is seen as professional attire." Harry bit back a laugh. "Where are we going?"

"The Muggle entrance to the Ministry." As they turned down a side street Harry began to feel very nervous. They paused outside of a red phone booth. "Here we are. In you go." They barely fit into the small box. "Let's see... six... two... four...four... two."

"Visitor to the Ministry of Magic. Please state your name and business." The booth said, as if there was another person standing in the booth with them.

"Arthur Weasley escorting Harry Potter to a disciplinary hearing." Mr. Weasley said nervously.

"Thank You." The female voice said. "Visitor, please attach this badge to the front of your robes. Visitors are also reminded that they are to submit their wands to the security desk for registration and submit themselves to a search of their person." Suddenly the booth began to sink into the ground. As the ground rose up to cover the windows Harry gasped and stepped back slightly. They traveled downwards for about ten minutes. They dropped into the middle of a bustling entry hall. Every few seconds a witch or wizard would pop out of the left hand fireplaces with a whoosh, while the right hand fireplaces had small lines forming as people left the building.

Harry glared briefly at the fountain in the middle of the room. The composition itself gave him an upset stomach. The plaque beneath it was the saving grace of the whole installation. He found it interesting that all of the money that was placed into the fountain from well wishers would be used to fund the hospital.

'If I don't get expelled from Hogwarts I will put in ten Galleons.' Harry thought as he passed the fountain and continued following the lines of people heading towards the gates at the end of the room.

"Over here Harry. We have to get you registered." Mr. Weasley pulled him closer to the edges of the crowd where he saw a desk with a swinging sign that read 'security'. The man in the peacock blue robes barely looked at Harry while he processed him and only seemed to notice who he was talking to as Harry walked away. As

they entered a lift there was a man already standing in it with a box that had smoke leaking out of the corners.

"It's alright sonny. Just a fire breathing chicken we found. Looks like someone was experimenting with creature breeding again." The lift filled with people before Harry could respond, and after a few seconds the lift began to ascend. When they reached the seventh floor, home of the Department of Magical Games and Sports the lift was entered by seven tiny airplanes, each bearing the seal of a department within the Ministry. When they reached the second floor they got off of the elevator. Walking down the hallway they passed a small cubicle farm that housed the Aurors headquarters. Mr. Weasley opened the door to a small office and laid his jacket and briefcase on his desk. Checking the time he ushered Harry back out of his office and down the hall again.

"Since you said that the entire Wizengamot was going to be at the trial instead of just Madame Bones we will need to take the lift back down to the tenth floor to the Wizengamot Chambers." Harry nodded at Mr. Weasley and the pair set back off to the lift. As they approached the lift one of the tiny planes dive-bombed Mr. Weasley. "It would seem that your request to arrive here early has just arrived." Mr. Weasley showed him the interdepartmental memo with a grin. "Downstairs we go."

Author's Note:

I am also looking for a secondary Beta if anyone would like to have at this story please PM me.

Chapter 3

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

When the lift opened Harry and Mr. Weasley stood in a dim hallway. Harry looked around as they walked. The walls were covered in black marble with interlocking white rings of marble laid in them. Lighting the walls were gas lamps at alternating intervals with a tapestry depicting Wizarding history. They stopped in front of the door at the end of the hallway.

'Why does this room not match any of the other hallways in the rest of the building?' Harry questioned himself to keep his mind off of the upcoming event.

"I am sorry Harry but I cannot go in there with you. It's for the safety of all those in attendance that those that are not involved with the cases and a few selected reporters are not allowed to attend."

"Thank you Mr. Weasley." As Mr. Weasley walked away Harry squared his shoulders and thought about all of the information on the Wizengamot that he had read in the last few days. Taking a deep breath he pushed lightly on the door. The doors slid open silently, revealing a packed court room. Half of the room was seating for the entire Wizengamot, among the armchairs, done in the House colors for the Families that sat there, were a scattering of empty chairs. Some chairs were draped in black, marking them as being a Family that has died out without naming a Successor. Still less chairs were draped with a white cloth with the word Proxy written across it, showing that the vote was being held in proxy by another voter. The other half of the room should have been the empty seats for spectators and news reporters, but instead there was a sea of teens, young adults and a handful of reporters. Among them Harry saw a few of his classmates including Neville and Draco Malfoy. He walked forward to the chair in the middle of the room. Harry nodded to those in the audience that he knew before sitting down.

The only chair in the open space was a high backed, hard wood spindly chair, which was built more to make someone uncomfortable enough to spill secrets just to get out of it, than to be a normal chair. Harry could see the chains lying idly at the bottom of the chair; just the threat of those chains being near him was enough to make him start to sweat. As he sat in the uncomfortable high backed

defendants chair chains shot from the base and made to wrap around his arms. Harry shot from the chair and looked at the team of Aurors standing off to the side.

"I am not a danger to anyone. Why am I being restrained like a murderer?" Harry exclaimed.

"Because Mister Potter, you are in serious trouble." An obese woman with a pink ruffle showing above her black robes, sitting in the Wizengamot's Administrative seats. 'Calling her a woman was probably more of a compliment than anything else, since she was oddly reminiscent of a toad.' Harry thought and then had to restrain a smile from showing on his face.

"Be that as it may, dear Lady, according to the Statute of Secrecy this is a level three offense and only a level one or a defendant that has already attempted an attack on the Governing body are to be wrapped in chains." Fudge glowered before releasing the chains. Harry sat down and slid his bag to the floor beside him.

"Now begins the Expulsionary Hearing of Mister Harry Potter. Presiding judge today is Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge, Court Scribe is Percy Weasley, Prosecution is Dolores Umbridge, Defendant is Harry Potter, and there is no defense council." Percy said as he sat down. The doors suddenly banged open and in strolled Headmaster Dumbledore.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Wizengamot I, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, will be the defense's council." Headmaster Dumbledore greeted everyone with a grandfatherly smile.

"Oh, I see that you got my letter about the changes in time and venue?" Fudge said playing it cool. He shuffled through some papers on the podium in front of him.

"No, but by a lucky coincidence I arrived at the Ministry three hours early today." Dumbledore's eyes twinkled in the uncanny way that he normally used when he was trying to get people to go along with whatever plan he had concocted.

"Harry Potter is charged with two counts of using the Patronus Charm in front of a muggle." Percy read from the docket in front of

him. His eyes almost betrayed that he actually felt a bit of pity for Harry but, his job was to be the yes-man for Minister Fudge.

"Scribe, should there not be an attempted in front of those class two spells." One of the older Wizengamot members asked with an air of snobbishness that meant, at least to Harry, that their decisions might already be made about him.

'It is going to take a miracle to get them on your side. They have always been a stodgy group of men and women. They might also hold it against you that you have not done anything towards rectifying certain mistakes.'

'What mistakes?' Harry questioned the little voice.

'I cannot tell you that at this moment. But rest assured if all works out today you will know about that which I am talking before the day is out.'

'Fine, but I expect some answers later. I do not like being left out in the dark on things.'

"Excuse me sir, that is one attempted and one successful cast of the Patronus Charm." There was a murmur in the seats above him. "Opening Statements. Prosecution will go first. Ms. Umbridge if you please."

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Wizengamot, Mister Potter has a history of flaunting his magic in front of muggles. Shattering charms and an inflation charm on a person in the third year, a hovering charm in his second year and this summer alone two class two charms used in the presence of a muggle. Mister Potter has no respect for the Statute of Secrecy and therefore should not only be expelled from Hogwarts but also exiled from the Wizarding world." She sat down with a smile on her face, knowing that there would be almost no way that he would be able to stay in their world after she was done with him.

"Defense asks that Madame Umbridge stick to the charges of the day and not bring up past misdeeds. Ladies and gentleman of the Wizengamot please begin your questioning." Headmaster Dumbledore said with the grandfatherly smile that most of the room was quite familiar with.

"Mister Potter, do you have anything to say for yourself?" Minister Fudge said not wanting this trial to go for longer than it had to. The less he had to see Potter the better off that he would be in the long run.

"Yes sir, I am innocent of performing magic in front of a muggle that has always known about magic."

"Scribe, who was the magic done in front of?" Dolores Umbridge barked at Percy.

"Squib A. Figg and muggle D. Dursley." Percy said. He recognized both names and a flicker passed through his eyes but he remained quiet. Off to the side Percy wrote a few words on a piece of scrap parchment and then had it passed to Madame Bones as discreetly as possible.

"D. Dursley is my cousin Dudley. He is the son of Petunia Evans Dursley, sister of Lily Evans the wife of James Potter. I have been living with the Dursleys since a few hours after my parents were murdered. Headmaster Dumbledore brought me there himself, because they were my only living relatives. If my parents left a will it did not say where I was to go, since I have never heard of a will I am likely to believe that they did not have one."

"Do you have any proof?" An older woman asked from the fourth row of seats.

"Squib A. Figg is here today to be the witness for the defense." Professor Dumbledore said with a small glare at Harry for fielding the first few questions. Old Missus Figg was brought into the room, smelling of cabbage and cats, carrying a worn carpet bag.

"Missus Figg are you a squib?" Minister Fudge asked as she was seated in the witness' chair.

"Yes sir. I am."

"Did you witness Mister Potter's use of magic?"

"Yes, Madame Bones. A cold gust of wind blew by me when I was on my way home from the grocer. I sped up when I heard Dudley Dursley screaming."

"What was Mister Potter doing to him?" Madame Umbridge said with a smirk for the witness playing right into her plans.

"Harry Potter was trying to get between the cold force and his cousin. He was casting the Patronus Charm so I can only guess it was a Dementor or a Lethifold."

"You guess?" Madame Umbridge shrieked.

"Yes Madame. I may have been born to magic parents but I do not have the ability to see Lethifolds and Dementors. I helped Mister Potter take his cousin home and sneak back into their house." Missus Figg smiled fondly at Harry as she spoke. She had always had a little bit of a soft spot for the boy.

"Thank you Missus Figg you are dismissed." Minister Fudge directed Missus Figg out of the room again. "Mister Potter your witness stated that you used the Patronus Charm in the act of saving your cousin from a Dementor."

"Yes Sir."

"How would a Dementor get to Little Whinging, Surrey?" Minister Fudge asked, trying to get Harry to say something else that would incriminate him.

"I would not know Minister Fudge. I was under the impression after Sirius Black's escape from Azkaban that all of the Dementors obeyed the Ministry of Magic. I do not understand how a pair of them could have made it so far from the prison and wandered into my neighborhood. I do fear for my cousin and the rest of my muggle neighbors had I not been able to use the Patronus Charm properly."

"Are you insinuating, Mister Potter, that a member of the Ministry was involved in the Dementors being in Surrey?" Madame Umbridge demanded the look on her face was one of almost pure hatred.

"No, Madame Umbridge. I am merely questioning the possibility of having Dementors that have escaped from the prison or have come

here from another country." Harry said defending himself from her onslaught, unconsciously Harry sunk back into the chair.

"Madame Umbridge, do not attack the integrity of Mister Potter. He has said nothing that is anti-Ministry." One of the staffers that was sitting near Madame Bones said.

"I suggest an inquiry into the Dementors that visited Surrey. If they were indeed ordered I would like to see justice for the person that was either trying to get Mister Potter expelled or had the bright idea to send them after muggles?" A member of the Wizengamot said.

"Of course there will be an inquiry. I cannot have a member of the Ministry running around spreading discontent and discord." Minister Fudge answered covering his backside and taking himself a little bit out of the line of fire. "Mister Potter you have also stated that you have lived with this cousin since your parents passed away."

"Yes Minister." Harry smiled to himself, there was a turn in the events of this trial that were finally going his way.

"Do you have proof that that you have lived there since you were young?" Madame Bones asked.

"No, Minister Fudge, due to security reasons..." Headmaster Dumbledore began, stepping in front of Harry.

"Actually Minister, I do." Harry pulled a packet of papers from his bag on the floor. "These are copies of reports from Surrey Primary and my first Hogwarts Letter." Harry handed them to the Auror that came closer to retrieve them.

"What is Surrey Primary and how does that mean anything to this court." One of the older Wizengamot Gentlemen asked.

"Gracious Lords and Ladies of the Wizengamot. One of the benefits of living in the Muggle World is that once a child reaches the age of four they begin a publicly funded compulsory school. My Guardians registered me, albeit they were forced to, when they registered my cousin. These are official copies of the Muggle Bureau of Education documents. The first is mine, stating that I've lived with the Dursley family since I was one. The second is a report from the Bureau of

Children from the Social Worker that was called when they refused to get a broken arm set."

"Refused to do what to a broken arm?" Lady Seran questioned.

"Muggles cannot use a potion to fix a broken arm. They use a long process of setting the bones, then binding the area in lengths of linen before coating the linen with plaster. This allows the bones to fuse back together on their own. This takes a few months to complete."

"That is painful, is it not?" Griselda Marchbanks asked leaning forward in her seat a bit.

"It is very painful, Ma'am. Although, the feeling of the bones fusing is not as painful as taking Skelegrow. Most muggles just feel an annoying itch that they cannot scratch because of the cast. They try to make the process as quick and as pain-free as possible."

"Dreadfully Plebeian." Lord Parkinson commented to his son. 'I didn't know that Pansy had an older brother. He looks only two or three years older than we are.'

"Aye, Lord Parkinson, but they do the best that they can with their limited resources." Harry answered, trying to keep Dumbledore from being able to talk for him.

"Regardless, why did they not want to have your arm 'set'?" He asked taking a long puff off of his pipe, the smoke swirling around his head.

"Because they said it would cost too much money."

"What did this treatment cost?" Lady Seran asked.

"Three hundred pounds, roughly sixty galleons. This included the multiple photos of my bones, doctors visits, the cast and the pain pills for the first few days."

"What does this have to do with anything?" Madame Umbridge muttered.

"My first Hogwarts letter is here, stating that before the start of school this is the address that I was living at." The Auror that had taken the letter from Harry handed it to Percy, who made a few notes before passing it on to Griselda Marchbanks.

"It is authentic and matches the address of the event in question, as well as all other past events."

"I, Grand Lady Longbottom, move that a vote be taken and a verdict of innocent be rendered due to the Statute of Secrecy not applying since all witnesses to the 'crime' were blood relatives living under the same roof as Mister Potter for more than one year." Lady Longbottom said while she stood, tapping her cane against her foot.

"There is still the charge of using magic over the summer holidays before being of age." Dolores Umbridge jumped from her chair in protest.

"Madame Umbridge, according to the Decree for Underage Sorcery young witches and wizards are allowed to use magic in the case of a life threatening situation. For me having a Dementor trying to feed off the soul of my cousin is life threatening." Harry answered.

"But not to your life. Just to a muggle. Hardly life threatening at all." Umbridge said flapping her hand at him in dismissal.

"Be that as it may to some people Madame Umbridge, Dementors being anywhere near a person should be considered life threatening. That is the reason that we use them at Azkaban, is it not?" Lady Bones asked.

"All in favor of conviction?" Dolores Umbridge's arm shot into the air as if it were fired from a cannon before the words were fully out of Minister Fudge's mouth. Within three seconds a little less than one half of the hands in the room went up as well.

"All opposed?" The rest of the voting members of the Wizengamot raised their hands. On a whim Harry raised his hand as well.

"This is a highly unusual time Lord Potter." Lady Bones, holder of one hereditary seat on the Wizengamot and the Director of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

"You cannot vote here Mister Potter, you waived your right to your heirship when you were eleven." Lord Malfoy said rubbing his palm across the top of his cane.

"What do you mean..." Harry stammered.

"That is inconsequential. This vote is to ascertain whether or not Mister Potter may remain in the Magical World." Headmaster Dumbledore interrupted.

"Albus Dumbledore, let the child speak." Madame Marchbanks said tapping her cane on the floor.

"If it is of no problem to the court, I would like to question the court." Harry said with a sad and confused smile on his face.

"Proceed Lord Potter." Lady Bones said smiling at him.

"Three questions Lady Bones. Why is this an unusual time? I was under the impression that even if I did raise my hand to vote for my own innocence it would not be bothersome, considering that I am not of a Family enough old to be a part of the Wizengamot." There was a gasp from most of the Old Families when this was said. The pieces started to fit together in the minds of Harry's classmates. "Two, what heirship or responsibilities would I have? And three, why did you call me Lord Potter?"

"You mean you did not know? Didn't your parents leave it in their wills, where they assigned you Aunt and Uncle as your Guardians. She should have told you if nothing else."

'I knew it. Knew your father was not forgetful enough to not leave a will. Play the Orphan card. You have never seen any wills.'

'What good will that do?'

'Just do it. Trust me.'

"I did not know my parents even had a will written before they died."

"Scribe, call forth the goblins of the wills department, the case review of Post War Orphans, and the Potter file. We will take a one hour break before proceeding."

'Always, create an air of compassion with people in authority. Fudge seems like the kind of Minister that likes to have his ego inflated on a daily basis.'

"Minister Fudge, am I free to walk around the chamber to stretch my legs." Harry asked the Minister.

"Feel free, please refrain from leaving the chamber though." Minister Fudge smiled at Harry as he spoke.

"Thank you Sir."

"Court is adjourned for one hour." As the Wizengamot members got up to leave the room, Albus attempted to gather Harry to him.

"Harry, my dear boy, I think that we should talk." Harry rolled his eyes as he turned around.

"About what Headmaster?"

"I do not think that you need to be reading your Parents' wills right now. There are so many other things at risk right now." Behind him Harry saw his friends and a few classmates walking down the aisles toward him.

"Headmaster, none of that has anything to do with me. Now, Headmaster, I am going to socialize with my Social Peers."

"No Harry, we need to talk." Harry felt a brush against the edges of his mind.

"Headmaster. You are not my Guardian, nor do you have any influence in my life outside of the school building. Now kindly go bask in your glory before it fades." Harry walked away to join his schoolmates that were gathering near the bottom of the Wizengamot seats. "Hello Neville, how was your summer?" Harry greeted his roommate.

"Very good Lord Potter. Allow me to introduce you to Lady Susan Bones, Lady Daphne Greengrass, Lady Millicent Bulstrode, and Lord Ernest MacMillian." Noticing the snotty way in which his friend was introducing their schoolmates Harry went along with it, trying to

imitate what Neville was doing as well as what the little voice was whispering in his ear. Harry inclined his head towards everyone in turn. "Ladies and Lord may I finally introduce you to Lord Potter, the deceived."

"Good Morning Lord Potter." They said in a well trained unison.

"Good Morning." he replied.

"Lord Potter, have you really never heard your parents' wills?" Ernie asked, putting aside his dislike for Harry, believing that this would be a turning point for the young man in front of him.

"No, Lord McMillan. I didn't even know that they had a will until it was mentioned in here." Harry said truthfully. He could tell by the looks on their faces, which they quickly covered, that they were all shocked.

"We all wondered why you were abandoned to live in a dirty hovel with the unkept muggles." Daphne said the glint in her eyes and the tone of her voice betraying her feelings and upbringing about muggles.

"Lady Greengrass, I was placed there by Albus Dumbledore, one cannot be abandoned when those of 'respect' know exactly where you are." Harry added sending a small jab at Dumbledore.

"Touche, Lord Potter."

"How is everyone preparing for the year ahead." Millicent Bulstrode said steering the topic away from homes. Home lives are never the best topic to discuss due to pressures that parents and Elders placed on young people in their positions. Milicent cut her eyes towards her grandfather. He was casually discussing something with a few Patriarchs of Ancient Families. She could tell that he was watching her, she needed to be on someone's good side before the war broke out again. Patriarch Bulstrode had told her not more than a month ago that he was being asked where the House's loyalties would lie if He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named returned. If Harry was breaking with Dumbledore there may be a safe third option for families living in the gray spectrum, neither light or dark.

"Its going to be a normal year, Lady Bulstrode, for me at least. I hope not to end up dead or in the hospital and -poof- it happens anyways." Harry attempted a joke. "But in all seriousness I am actually looking forward to the OWLs at the end of the year."

"Well its horrible occurrence every time you end up in the Hospital Wing. Although, it does give us some relief over the boredom of school trying to figure out when trouble will find you next." Millicent said, trying to put a lighter spin on Harry's comment.

"Momma is already planning on my robes for the Christmas Debutante Ball." Said Daphne trying to find a topic that wasn't going to lead to the discussion of Harry getting hurt or bad things happening.

"What Ball?" Harry's confusion showing on his face. Ernie's jaw dropped but he recovered quickly and smirked at Harry.

"Oh, Lord Potter, surely you've heard of the CDB, its the largest party of the season." Daphne said covering her mouth with a kid glove covered hand.

"Let's just say that 'sheltered' is a misnomer." With a grin Harry swiped his hair away from his face.

"The CDB is a 'first' Ball for all purebloods of status, selected mixed and half bloods and a few if any muggleborns." Millicent explained like she was talking to a muggleborn that hadn't set foot in the wizarding world yet.

"Who decides just who gets to attend the Ball?" Harry asked.

"The Circle does of course." Millicent said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Circle? Who is the Circle?" Harry asked feeling a little slow. He wondered why the voice, nor his mother's diary had not mentioned it yet.

"The Crone's Circle. A community of seven Matriarchs of the old families. Currently they are the Grand Ladies Longbottom, Greengrass, Malfoy, Lovett, Dawson, Chambord and Montriat. They

use the dossiers on every fifteen year old magic user, whether at Hogwarts or abroad." Daphne said with a smile.

"Don't forget the foreign born children of diplomats and old purebloods that moved to the continent during the war. And on top of having to be chosen by the Circle as an eligible person of interest, you have to be able to afford the Debut. " Millicent added flipping her long brown hair over her shoulder with a practiced ease. "There should be plenty of beautiful Ladies and debonair Lords at this year's event. I would hazard a guess that this will be one of the bigger ones, only over shadowed by the next two years."

"Afford?" Harry questioned.

"The clothes, the two days of events, the calling cards, and the accessories." A flutter of pure happiness sparked across Daphne and Millicent's faces.

"I was wondering why the Weasley's never mentioned anything about it."

"Because, they want you to depend on them and not know anything about Society that they don't tell you. You'll see in two months who gets invited. I doubt Ron will be. He has not made a good impression on the Circle." Neville said. Suddenly his eyes bulged a little. Harry turned in time to see two goblins come into the court room carrying a giant case. Behind them were two armed goblin guards, and at the very back was a single goblin bearing a golden chest. Percy Weasley walked over to them and spoke quietly before waving his wands at the books and the chest. Neville leaned over the rail towards Harry.

"If they prove your heirship you need to demand your title and seat be available now to either you or an appointed regent." Neville whispered.

"Thank you for the advice Neville. You really are an upstanding person and might I say friend?" Neville nodded his agreement to their friendship before returning to his seat next to his grandmother. The Wizengamot regained their seats as Minister Fudge and Dolores Umbridge entered again.

"This is the continuance of the trial of Harry James Potter, presumed Lord Potter. This session is to determine whether or not Mister Potter is able to gain his seat as Lord Potter, as well as his innocence to the charges of neglecting the Statute of Secrecy. Please take your seats." Percy said, his glasses resting on the end of his nose. "Good members of the Wizengamot as Scribe, I have located the written letter from Mister Potter declaring his Regent and stating that he would not be claiming an Wizengamot seats or titles." Percy passed the letter around the room. When it reached Harry he read it over before laughing.

'Not appropriate. Stop Laughing. Ask them how a two or three year old can write a letter.'

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Wizengamot, unfortunately, you were misguided. I humbly ask you how a two and a half year old can write an eloquent letter such as this declaring in words that he probably cannot say let alone write that he does not want to be a member of this Governing Body. Also making statements about wanting to live a life devoid of responsibility. As well as the signature isn't mine."

"But is the magical signature yours?" Grand Lady Longbottom asked.

"No Ma'am, this paper feels familiar but it is not mine."

"Scribe, who filed said document?" A familiar voice questioned Percy. Standing near his chair, almost daring Draco to make a noise was Lucius Malfoy.

"It is written in the log that Albus Dumbledore entered the document into the record." Percy said with a smile on his face.

"I wonder, doesn't Albus Dumbledore also vote the Potter proxy?"

"Aye, as well as the Malone, Hogwarts, each of the Founders, Prewett, Dobbs, Meadows, McKinnon, Fenwick, Davin, his own and the Chief Wizard's." Percy stated flipping through the book to the list of Proxies at the back. His face showing his disbelief at Albus Dumbledore, the pillar of light, voting a seat that one of his parents should be sitting in.

"Inquiry into the Potter Vote will begin now." Grand Lady Longbottom was not happy. Although, she was beginning to think

that maybe Neville had been on to something when he said that Harry Potter did not act like he was going to be a member of the Wizengamot when he left Hogwarts. "Record Keeper, is or was there a submitted copy of the Potter Will?"

"Aye Milady." The Goblin holding the golden chest answered. "And a separate one for the Lady Evans."

"Are there provisions for the passing of the Potter Heirship?" Lucius Malfoy asked.

"Aye, the Will of Lord Potter, states that Harrison James Evans Potter is sole family heir, this making him free to make certain decisions for himself as of the age of eleven, and total freedom by the age of sixteen."

"Who are titled Guardians?" Lady Longbottom asked.

"Lord Sirius of House Black, Lady Amelia of House Bones, Lord Franklin of House Longbottom, or Lady Cerina of House Davin. There is also a muggle Guardian listed as Baron Jackson of House Davenport. He is listed as Lady Evans' older brother." The Goblin read from his abbreviated copy of the will. Harry made a shocked sound that he struggled to hold in. Recovering quickly he apologized.

"Excuse my outburst, I was informed that I was left with the Dursley's because there was no directives from my parents and that Petunia Evans Dursley was my only living family."

"No Mr. Potter, Lord Barron Davenport is very much alive. With a wife of fourteen years and a scattering of children between the ages of three and sixteen." Harry's face brightened reflexively. He had more family members. 'Maybe they will even care about me and I can stay with them.'

"What is the date of the reading of the Wills, Record keeper?"

"They were read by a single individual before being sealed." The Goblin said with a toothy grin. You could almost see the wheels in his head turning about what the information in his hands would do when unleashed upon this group of people.

"Who read them?" Harry asked, wondering who would have known what was going on and not done anything about it.

"Chief Warlock Albus Dumbledore. Mister Potter I will need to see you very soon about this matter." The goblin representative said closing the book and tapping it with a long finger. The Book glowed for a moment before two sealed scrolls appeared on top of it. "Or if it pleases the court Mister Potter can read them quickly now."

"Mister Potter would you mind reading sections of the will to the court?" Minister Fudge asked. Like everyone in the room, Minister Fudge had always wanted to hear the Potter will.

"I will read pertinent parts of the will now. And, Record Keeper, I will come by for a private reading later." Harry said despite the sad objections from the Wizengamot members present.

"Mister Potter, you can leave the monetary and property endowments to yourself. We would like to know if they wrote about their survival plans, who was supposed to raise you and who would have been the one to teach you to be the proper heir of a great family." Lady Bones asked as a party interested in Harry's wellbeing.

"Aye." Harry unrolled his father's will and read over it quickly. "My father states that they used the Fidelius Charm to hide a small summer cottage in Godric's Hollow."

"Who was the keeper of this secret?" Amelia Bones asked at the insistence of Susan, who was tugging on her elbow. Harry flashed a smile at Susan before continuing.

"He states that while they had wanted Lord Sirius of House Black to keep the secret, they chose Peter Pettigrew instead." There was instant uproar in the Chamber.

"What do you mean that Sirius Black wasn't their secret keeper?"

"How did he give the location to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?"

"He did not. I have been trying to figure out how my Father's best friend could betray my parents to him. I found my Mother's diary earlier this summer." Harry pulled the diary from his bag. "Lady Evans Potter, my dearly departed Mother, stated in her diary that

Peter Pettigrew became an illegal animagus, whose form was a rat, during their sixth year at Hogwarts." Harry showed the page to Percy. "I have seen a rat, at Hogwarts, that was missing a toe. This rat has outlived most if not all rats that would have been raised near the same time as him, being the pet of a dorm mates older brother. I have also seen this rat change into a man and fire the killing curse that robbed Lord Diggory of his only son."

"Will you show those memories to the Wizengamot, as proof of not only how he died and Lord Blacks innocence." Lord Diggory said looking withdrawn and miserable.

"Lord Diggory, I will show the memories to the Wizengamot, to ease your pain and allow you to find solace. As that is more important than trying to set the record straight on my godfather's incarceration. I am deeply sorry that I could not reach him fast enough to get the portkey into his hands and remove Cedric from this situation." Lady Bones waved her hand toward the pair of Aurors that were standing near the front of the room. Harry concentrated very hard on Scabbers transforming into Peter Pettigrew. Once the memory was clear in his mind, he shook his head and one of the Aurors placed a wand to his temple and removed the shimmering memory strand. In the audience certain members of the Wizengamot began to sweat, questioning themselves as to whether or not Harry had seen them and if he would show them in front of Lord Voldemort being called faithful servants. Harry looked up into the audience, searching out the faces that he recognized from that horrible night, he winked at Lucius Malfoy before closing his eyes again and focusing on the memories again.

'No sense in burning bridges before I need to. Also gives me leverage for later if I need it.'

'You learn and recall quickly Harry. That is at least five people on the Wizengamot that now will owe you a favor.'

Harry thought very carefully about the graveyard, tears coming to his eyes. Harry nodded once more and the wand was pressed against his forehead again. Looking up again he caught Lord Malfoy's eye and smiled, Lucius visible relaxed in his chair. Off to the side of the room the Aurors dumped the first memory into the basin of a projection pensieve. A screen flickered and appeared against the blank wall. Harry watched as his memory of the Shrieking Shack

played out for a larger audience. He had carefully edited out Professor Snape and Sirius, as to not cause undue questions. It was just Remus, Ron, Hermione, the rat and himself trapped in the small room. Everyone gasped as Peter Pettigrew admitted to betraying the Potters to the Dark Lord for power. He also admitted to killing the muggles and blowing up the street. The vision ended with Harry telling everyone to leave him alone so that he would find justice. The Aurors removed the memory from the pensieve and placed it in a crystal vial. They placed the second memory in the pensieve. Harry started this memory with the giant spider in the maze, showing Cedric's bravery and their joint defeat of said spider. As they approached the goblet the bickering about who would take the trophy and who would win the tournament was clearly heard. 'A Hogwarts Victory. The best of the schools, a joint Victory, Honor and Glory to both Houses.' They touched the trophy and the vision swirled, a tell-tale sign of a portkey being used, the graveyard appeared. Both boys landed in a heap. Harry watched himself tell Cedric to take the portkey back and get help. 'Kill the Spare', the eerie voice came from somewhere in the mist. The Harry, in the memory, swirled around as Wormtail came into view, arm raised wand glowing. The memory seemed to go into slow motion as the green curse erupted from Wormtail's wand and collided with Cedric's body. In slow motion you could see the life fade from Cedric's eyes as his body crumbled. The memory continued to show how Lord Voldemort regained his body. Harry's arm throbbed as his counterpart in the memory had his arm sliced. The memory faded as Lord Voldemort rose from the cauldron. This memory was also removed from the pensieve and placed in a crystal vial. There was a muted uproar at the rebirth of Lord Voldemort. Harry could hear everyone around him talking about it with terror in their voices. Fudge silenced the room and motioned for Lady Bones to procede.

"Lord Potter, could we, perchance, hold on to copies of these memories in order to help with the case against Peter Pettigrew and the new trial for Sirius Black." Lady Bones asked as her Aurors brought her the vials.

"Of course Lady Bones." Harry smiled. Lady Bones copied the memories and had the Aurors bring the original memories back to Harry.

"Mister Potter, as useful as these 'memories' were, we will need to see Peter Pettigrew in person in order to remove Sirius Black's guilt.

Until the aurors can prove that he is alive, I am sure that this court will do nothing. Especially with your recent acts of indiscretion." Delores Umbridge said resigned from her chair. The look on her face would make a demon run in the opposite direction. There was no need to think about what she was really meaning with her statement. Harry knew that she would be a person to watch out for anytime he was in the Ministry building.

"Unfortunately Mister Potter, I will have to agree with Madame Umbridge..."

"Minister Fudge, this court has gone on less proof to declare men guilty of serving the Dark Lord. I say we suspend the hunt for Sirius Black and take up the hunt for Peter Pettigrew. A physical body is all well and good but pensieve memories cannot be tampered with." Lady Bones said.

Harry smiled to himself before he continued reading from his father's will. "The will also demarcates how I am to spend my years before Hogwarts and taking the family seat here. If Sirius was unavailable due to war or his employment I was to be raised alongside Neville Longbottom or Susan Bones if it was safe to stay in the Magical world. If there was not a resolution to the War or it was unsafe for me to remain in plain view in the Wizarding World Guardianship was to pass to my Muggle Relations as listed in my Mother's will."

"Please read the corresponding sections of your Mother's will?" Lady Bones prompted. Harry smiled at her and then quickly read over his mother's will.

"The will states that Petunia Evans Dursley is of no blood relation to my mother. My mother was adopted in the muggle way after being found abandoned at the age of one month. She also states that the muggle family Evans or Rostin will gladly take me in and cover the expenses of my magical and muggle education since both families have prior knowledge of the Magical World. There is a letter in her private vault that states her real origins and who her real family is. It is also written that the Dursley Family is to have no say in my life due to their hatred of all things magical." Harry paused as he fought to control his anger, he could feel his face getting hot. "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Wizengamot, may I ask what the fine is for knowingly overriding the will of the Patriarch or the Matriarch of a Noble Line?" A slightly diabolical smile came over Harry's face.

"Why Mister Potter?" Lord Malfoy and Minister Fudge almost mirrored the face that Harry had just made, within a few seconds of Madame Umbridge asking the question.

"Because both wills were not only read by Headmaster Dumbledore but also witnessed by him." There was outrage around the room, Harry could feel it rolling off of everyone in the room.

"I demand to know what is going on here?" Grand Lady Longbottom demanded pulling Neville up beside her. "I demand that all Potter accounts, lands and votes be investigated. As Regent and Matriarch of House Longbottom. I also request an investigation into Lord Potter's home life. Scion Longbottom has listed many instances of Lord Potter looking abused and malnourished." More gasps echoed throughout the room. Harry begun to shrink back in his chair, but aide came from an unexpected corner of the room.

"Lords and Ladies, Lord Potter does not want his personal business sprayed across the papers. Perhaps we could clear the room and have this discussed with just the Nobility, the victim and Minister Fudge, of course." It was Lord Malfoy, one hand gripped onto Draco's shoulder to keep him from speaking.

"Thank you Lord Malfoy. I would prefer not to face a media circus on my way to the train to go to school." Harry smiled gratefully

"Lords and Ladies, might I humbly suggest that we table the discussions of Lord Potter's home life until after he has been reinstated and all of the parties involved have time to put together their cases for what was done. This would also allow for Lord Potter to have his meeting with the Goblin Nation and find out what his Mother left him in her vault as a key to his real heritage." A new voice entered the conversation, near the middle of the room stood Lord Antonio Greengrass. Daphne was smiling from behind her father.

"Very well Lords. Mister Harry Potter do you wish to take your place among the members of this great Governing Body?"

"Yes Minister Fudge, I am ready to take my place. I feel that Ancient House Potter would be better served with its Heir at the helm and not an aging Proxy."

"Minister Fudge I must protest Mister Potter is still a year too young to be taking his place among the honored members of the Wizengamot." Dumbledore stated, trying to save an ounce of his control.

"Lord Dumbledore, you will have no say in this matter. It states in the Book of Wizengamot that any minor heir, upon finding that their Proxy is not fulfilling their position to the best of their abilities then the heir may regain their seat from the Proxy by asking the assembled Wizengamot."

"I still show my dissent by marking myself 'non narro'." There were whispers around the room. A voting member would only mark themselves as 'non narro' only if one of two things were happening. Either they had a vested interest in the outcome that would not allow them to vote with a clear mind or they were outraged that something would have come before them, as if the answer required no brain power to reject the ideas out of hand.

"Do as you please Lord Dumbledore. There is no one stopping you." Minister Fudge said. "Scribe, please tell us an available date for within the next four months that the Division of Children and Families can visit with Lord Potter."

"In order to negate my missing class unnecessarily, can we please schedule this meeting for a weekend?"

"Vote to schedule the hearings into the raising of Lord Potter for weekends and school breaks." There was a unanimous vote, much to Harry's surprise, to schedule the upcoming trials around his schedule. "The vote has passed. Lord Potter, is the second Saturday of September acceptable for you."

"That is acceptable Scribe Weasley." Harry approached Percy's desk to retrieve the reminder for his next court date. Written on the back of the reminder in Percy's tight neat script was a small note. ~Albus Dumbledore is voting seats that he shouldn't be. The Prewett seat should be mom's or dad's. Can you call for the Wills of the families that Albus Dumbledore is voting?~ Harry nodded slightly and Percy smiled.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Wizengamot. It weighs heavily on my heart and mind that even after a war, such tragedy and injustice can befall already devastated orphans. I kindly request here and now with the Department of Records and the Division of Orphans being present, that the wills left by titled and non-titled wealthy families be investigated. What is there are other children that have been abandoned, unable to get to Hogwarts, unable to prepare to make impacts on our Wizarding World?" Harry made sure to sound like a distraught but reserved young man, looking out for the future of the Wizarding World.

'You are catching on to the whole being an important blue blooded young man, aren't you?' The voice said

'I try. Percy was just begging for help.'

'Which was the right thing to do, the Potter thing to do. The Weasley Clan has always been, helpful, to our family.' There was a thoughtful silence around the chamber. A few of the members that Harry could see were nodding in agreement.

"Scribe, are we able to hear the reports in the two weeks time?"

"Yes, Lord Malfoy, we can have this courtroom prepared for a family court set of appearances. Does the division of Orphans have a rough estimate of how many young orphans are involved."

"There are thirty five children orphaned in the last war with the Dark Lord. At least that is how many that we have the locations for."

"Perhaps we can avoid inquiries into young Susan Bones and Neville Longbottom, as they are safely residing with family members and already in their training to be future members of the Wizengamot." Neville's grandmother requested from her seat.

"Certainly, Grand Lady Longbottom, no need to cause undue stress."

"Let us put aside this folly into naming Lord Potter a criminal. He has proved to our standards that the charges were unfounded." Lady Bones said rising slightly in her chair. Minister Fudge, knowing that this was the angle that the rest of the Wizengamot was looking to go, called for the vote to clear Harry of all charges. A startling

unanimous vote, proved that there were some topics that all of the members, dark, light or gray could agree on.

"Lord Potter, do you swear to uphold the laws set down by this Governing Body? To ensure peace through times of trial? To use your best judgment when items of law come before you?"

"I so swear." A red ribbon of light flowed from the book of the Wizengamot towards Harry.

"Does House Potter accept their responsibilities to the Wizards and Witches of the Wizarding World? Do you accept your responsibilities of upholding the laws of our world, through the actions of House Potter?"

"I swear as heir apparent to House Potter." The red ribbon of light sunk into Harry's skin.

"Rise Lord Potter, newest member of the Wizengamot, voting the Potter seat." There was a smattering of applause from around the room. "This concludes our meeting. Blessed Part." As Minister Fudge dismissed the actual meeting the white proxy sheet over the Potter seat vanished. Minister Fudge approached Harry with a smile. "Good to have you among us, Lord Potter. Do you need anything, help with figuring out how things work around the building?"

"Thank you Minister. I would greatly appreciate anything thing that you have to share, but I could never infringe upon your time, as it is very precious. Could you recommend someone that I could talk to with questions?"

"Weatherby." The Minister yelled over his shoulder. "Weatherby should be able to help you. Weatherby, come here." Percy approached them, frowning at the Minister slightly.

"Yes Minister. You called for me."

"Spend some time helping Lord Potter learn what he needs to know in order to correctly fill his seat."

"Of course, Minister. Lord Potter when would you be able to meet to go over the information?"

"Perhaps on Sundays. You can enjoy a good home cooked meal and discuss this all in the library."

"Sounds lovely Lord Potter. Would I perhaps be able to bring my girlfriend Penelope? She has yet to officially meet the family."

"That would be lovely. I am sure your parents would be thrilled. Do you plan on making amends with your Elders?"

"Yes, thank you for getting the ball rolling on having the Prewett seat investigated it should be Mother's."

"As long as that is not the only reason you are seeking to have the vote restored."

"No, I have the feeling that Mum's brothers' wills were forged. There is no way they wouldn't leave all of their belongings to Mum. Her parents had died two years before. Everything should have gone to her. Not Dumbledore."

"Understandable. I shall inform the 'family' of your joining us on Sunday. I do believe that your Mum has planned a standing rib roast. Is Penelope allergic to or dislike any foods?"

"No, Lord Potter. Penelope is quite the food connoisseur."

"Very well. I shall see you then. I gladly take my leave at this moment. See you on Sunday Scribe Weasley. May you and your Lady Love have a blessed day."

"Thank You Lord Potter." Harry left Percy standing near his desk and walked back towards where Neville and his schoolmates were standing. Carefully, he pushed the gate separating the floor from the seating area and joined his contemporaries in the risers. Headmaster Dumbledore stormed from the room, the doors slamming behind him. Harry saw Rita Skeeter get up from her chair and her eyes flick between him and the door, apparently deciding that the angry Headmaster was more entertaining than a wounded hero she tore out of the courtroom after him.

"Ah. It feels good to be a free man." Harry smiled as he spoke.

"You seem to like to make a stir Lord Potter." A young man looking oddly reminiscent of Pansy said.

"It comes with being The-Boy-Who-Lived. I am sorry, I did not seem to catch your name earlier."

"I am Ulrich Parkinson, the oldest child of the oldest child of Lord Danderson Parkinson. I will be the heir apparent on the sixth of next month. Grandmother wants to see me installed before she passes, not that she has anything to worry about. I was not meaning to sound uppity Lord Potter, its just I've heard stories of your antics at school from my younger sister, it was pleasing to see that they weren't all exaggerations."

"No need to apologize Heir Parkinson. I am sorry for the altercations that I have been involved in with your dear sister. Pansy and I are at an ideological impasse. But that is neither here nor there. I just wanted to meet and greet most of my contemporaries."

"Harry." A voice shouted up at him from the questioning floor. "Come down here. You must be going." Harry looked over his shoulder towards the voice, annoyed to see the owner of said voice being Albus Dumbledore.

'When did he sneak back in here?'

'I'm not sure. He seems to have lost the beetle though.'

'He is really starting to annoy me. Does he truly think I'm going to kowtow to him?'

"I am sorry Headmaster, but I am quite busy at the moment. Also, since school is out I would prefer if you referred to me as either Lord or Mister Potter. We are not on that casual of speaking terms that I would answer to my given name to you." Harry turned back to his classmates. A few of them were looking at him in awe.

"It seems that the 'Golden Boy' is not to fond of being the puppet of the Headmaster any longer." Daphne Greengrass approached, tucking a long strand of her hair behind her ear, next to her walked Tracey Davis, both wore long green cloaks over black and silver robes that most of the heirs were wearing.

"Milady Greengrass, Milady Davis, you wound me with not so fond remembrances of my horrid past." Harry held a hand to his heart, as if holding a bleeding wound. "Dear Ladies, let us assume that I shall never return to being anyone's man other than mine own. House Potter has been served a grave injustice and therefore will be seeking retribution." Harry said, using some of the phrases and speeches that the voice was whispering in his ear.

"A declaration of intent and not even a half a candlemark into being a Lord. You do move fast and steadily, don't you?" Tracey said, stepping closer to Daphne. Harry took a second to look around the room without moving from facing Tracey and Daphne. The eyes of most of the room were on him and the teens gathering around him. Some were discreet, like Lady Bones and Lady Longbottom who were trusting their heirs to make good impressions on him, while other's were blatant.

"Dearest Tracey, may I call you Tracey?" Harry waited for her to nod before he continued. "Your inquisitiveness is highly intriguing. I find that those that do not stand behind their morals and their ideals with strong statements and actions to match are doomed to be viewed as weak and indecisive. I have been led around by my nose for too long and what better way to impress upon the gathered families that I will no longer be a puppet."

"I look forward to seeing the endeavors that you throw yourself into in the future Lord Potter. I must admit that I like this new you. You are not the evil Gryffindor that we were instructed to ignore due to that awful letter sent to the Wizengamot on your behalf. I remember the day that the letter was read in front of the whole body, my Father came home spewing about ungrateful and scared children that were disrespectful to their Elders and the entire Wizarding World." Ernie MacMillian said pulling lightly on the neck of his silver robes.

Neville walked Harry around the room, introducing him not only to heirs that attended Hogwarts as well as private academies but also to the Lords and Ladies that were seated in the Wizengamot. Harry met a lot of people that day, filing the little things that the voice and Neville could tell him about each of the people that he met. Neville had saved a small group of Ladies from the Crones' circle for last, they were gathered near his grandmother and Neville knew that it would be a difficult introduction.

Harry did his best to make an amazing first impression on the Ladies that could and would influence his future in the Wizarding world. No matter how many times that people told him that it was the Patriarchs of the Families that made all of the decisions he knew that these Ladies, these powerful Matriarchs, were the real power behind the Families. Standing before them for just a few seconds he could almost see the power radiating off of them in waves. After a brief interrogation by the Ladies he was freed to walk away but chose to stay, much to Neville's surprise, to ask the Ladies questions about recommendations to cover his training that had yet to begin. Lady Bones came over with Susan in tow and smiled at the scene of Harry sitting comfortably among the Ladies of the Circle of Crones. They all seemed to take to him, regardless of their Families background, she could see Harry as the changes in the future of the Wizarding World that Susan had told her were possible.

"Lord Potter, I am sorry to draw you away from this gathering of minds but I would like to ask you a question." A voice asked from behind Harry causing him to spin in his chair.

"Lady Bones, you must never be sorry, I am but a young man trying to learn from my Elders that are more than generous with their sharing. Would you like to talk here or would another setting be more appropriate?" Harry asked turning just slightly from the Crones.

"On behalf of House Bones I would like to invite you to Dinner at Bones' Manor tonight. I can have my security detail escort you back to your residence tonight." She seemed almost at ends with the phrasing of her request. Susan was standing a customary two steps behind her with a smile on her face that led Harry to believe that it was all her idea.

"I would love to Lady Bones, dinner with such beauty is an invitation that I could never pass up." Harry smiled at them both, while internally yelling at his Guardian for taking over his mouth and speaking for him. Susan elbowed her aunt carefully.

"Grand Lady Longbottom, Susan and I would like to invite you and Neville to dinner as well."

"Of Course Lady Bones. When should we arrive?"

"It is merely three o'clock now, how does six thirty sound to you?"

"Like a dream Lady Bones. We shall see you then." Lady Bones and Susan walked away, Harry watched as they approached a few more families before heading from the room. "Neville, why don't you take Young Lord Potter to Longbottom Place to see the sights for a little while. I have a few loose ends to wrap up here before I can journey home."

"Grand Lady Longbottom, would it be possible for Heir Longbottom and myself to journey into Diagon Alley. I am most certain that I do not have the proper clothes for being neither at Longbottom Place nor at Bones Manor."

"Splendid idea. Neville, take Harry to Diagon Alley and you two have fun shopping. Please pick up this list while you are there." She pulled a short list of items from her large red handbag and gave it to Neville.

"Of course Grandmother. We shall see you back at home as soon as possible. Have a great day ladies." Neville and Harry bowed to the Ladies before leaving the courtroom via a private lift instead of the normal lift that Harry had come down in.

Chapter 4

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

12 Grimmauld Place, London

Friday Afternoon, 4:15 pm

Dumbledore stormed into Number 12 and slammed the door. Old Mrs. Black screamed obscenities from behind her curtains. "Shut up Hag." Dumbledore raged. Ginny peaked over the railing from the second floor at him. Her eyes widened as he shattered and repaired many of the heirloom pieces in the dining room. As he stomped down the stairs towards the kitchen where the adults were meeting she followed closely, purposefully thinking about getting biscuits. As she reached the bottom of the stairs and walked towards the biscuits plate near the table Albus turned towards her. "Ginevra, is there something that we could help you with."

"No Headmaster. Mum, could I take some tea and biscuits upstairs for the rest of us?"

"Of course darling. The tray is over there on the counter. I'll start some tea. Take a seat for a second." Molly bustled around the stove while Ginny stacked some biscuits and a few small sandwiches on a tray so that she could take it to the others.

"Actually Molly, I need to discuss things with the Order and would prefer if young Ginevra was not present."

"Of course Headmaster. Ginny, I'll send the tea up with Kreacher. Go on upstairs." Ginny smiled at her mother and walked up the stairs. As she turned the corner on the stairs she paused to listen to the tell tale signs of the floo being opened and people filling the kitchen. Turning back around Ginny almost walked head on into Sirius and Remus who were walking down the stairs for the meeting.

"Ginny, you know that you aren't supposed to be hanging around down here when we are having a meeting." Remus said.

"I think something is up with the Headmaster. When he came in he was throwing things and threatening Lady Black's painting.

Something isn't right." Her eyes told them that she was more than worried about the Headmaster's behavior.

"Don't worry about it Ginny. We'll take it from here. I'm sure he just had a bad day at court. What with Harry being prepared to fight the charges and all that." Sirius smiled kindly. Ginny nodded and continued up the stairs to where Ron was waiting with Hermione. As Sirius and Remus entered the kitchen they were greeted with the smells of fresh baked breads. Molly was bustling around the kitchen handing out glasses of tea or coffee and there were trays of biscuits and baked goods trailing behind her. Sirius spotted his cousin Andromeda and walked over to sit in the empty seat near her.

"Has he said what this meeting is going to be about yet? I want to be upstairs when Harry comes home from court." Sirius gave her a hug as he sat down. Albus Dumbledore walked to the head of the table and stood regally.

"Good Afternoon everyone. I am sorry that we all have to be late for dinner but I shall try to make this as quick as possible. First thing first, is there anyone missing?"

"Nymphadora has fire called me and said that she will not be able to be here tonight. She is on high profile protection duty at Lady Amelia Bone's Manor." Andromeda said as she settled back into her chair. To her it was always a little difficult to come back to Number 12, her Family's ancestral home.

"Remus, Sirius you two are not needed for this meeting, you are free to go. This is just going to be a small business meeting. It won't take long." There were strange looks directed at Sirius and Remus as they rose and walked towards the stairs. Molly handed them each a plate of biscuits and snacks before shoos them up the stairs to relax.

"Keep an eye on the children for me. Check on Harry. He might be needing to talk to someone after the ordeal that he went through today." Molly smiled, she had always felt like Harry was one of her own. As the door at the top of the stairs closed silenced reigned in the kitchen.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight's meeting is going to cover a few very delicate topics." Headmaster Dumbledore paused to take a sip

of his tea. "It seems that young Mister Potter has been cleared of all the charges against him." There was a smattering of applause, Minerva McGonagall smiled very secretly. She had great faith in Harry, there was nothing that he could do that would make her truly angry at him.

"Once again, Mister Potter gets away with bad deeds." Severus Snape said with a growl.

"Hush up Severus. Harry has done nothing to you." Mrs. Tonks said putting a small amount of butter on a scone and pouring a cup of coffee.

"During his trial Mister Potter chose to ignore my counsel and speak for himself to the Wizengamot. He barely managed to get himself out of trouble." The Headmaster paused to drink some more tea. "I think that Harry needs to return to his family. I am sure that they are very worried about him."

"But why would we send him back now. Its mid way through the summer and we just went through of the trouble to get him here."

"It's a waste of our resources."

"I'm sure that our coffers will be able to cover returning Harry to his relatives home." Dumbledore gave everyone a secret smile. As long as Harry didn't know that he was paying the Order for his 'protection' they would have all of the money that they wanted. If Harry went back to the Dursley's house he would not be able to make it to the bank to look into his investments. If he tried to look into things at Hogwarts there were already safeguards in place.

"Who is going to take him back? I'm sure no one wants to be around that brat more than they have to." Severus said with nothing but distaste.

"Shut up Severus." A few voices yelled. Dumbledore gave a general glare to the entire room to get them to quiet down.

"I will take him back with just a few people. The journey will be tomorrow evening. We will also need to plan to collect him on the thirty-first of August so that he can catch the train on the first with

the rest of his classmates. Is there anything that anyone else would like to discuss at tonight's meeting?"

"At a recent meeting someone mentioned that they could no longer remember where they grew up and they are mulling over the idea that this is where we are stashing the brat and his friends." Severus added with a smirk. He would enjoy it if something happened to these little brats. If something happened to all of the little brats at Hogwarts it would be a glorious day. To him, children should be locked away until they were ready to be useful to society.

"Albus should Arthur and I take the children back to the Burrow?" Molly asked.

"No, that will not be necessary. But, I do see another reason why Harry needs to go home. It makes this house more of a target if he stays than if he goes back to his Aunt and Uncle's house." Dumbledore seemed pleased with himself. It was pure luck that Severus had mentioned to him before the meeting that Narcissa Malfoy had mentioned something about needing to check in the Black Library for something and couldn't remember where the house was. Now all he had to do was get the damn boy to not put up a fight when he sent him back to the Dursley's.

The meeting continued for another thirty minutes. They passingly discussed where Voldemort could be hiding, but there were no plans to even look into the places that were mentioned. In two weeks he would just mention that the search at all of the sights had turned up negative. No one would question what he said. They also discussed the possibility of having guards on the Hogwarts Express as the students returned. The Express was an easy target but not one that they needed to expend resources to watch over. Children were replaceable to Dumbledore, because parents could have more when ever they wanted. The Headmaster dismissed the gathered members of his Order of the Phoenix and disappeared to Hogwarts in order to plot for the upcoming year.

Upstairs at Number 12 4:25 pm

Sirius was silent as he walked up the stairs towards the second floor, intent on flopping into his chair in the Sitting Room near Harry's new study. Sirius and Remus set their trays of snacks in the middle of the

room and flopped into the deep reading chairs in a forest green with small brass beads on the arms.

After a what seemed like an eternity of silence for both men Remus spoke. "Why would Albus ask us to leave the meeting?"

"I am more worried about Harry. Ginny heard Dumbledore throwing a fit in the entry hall before calling the meeting."

"Why don't we take Molly's advice and talk to Harry."

"I'll go get him Remus. He is probably looking for an excuse to get away from the other kids after everything that happened today." Sirius got up and walked towards the Study that Dobby and Kreacher had put together for the four kids. The door was opened enough for Sirius to hear what was being discussed. "Harry didn't come back yet. Did he tell you guys he was going somewhere else after the trial?" Ginny asked playing the braid of hair that hung down over her shoulder.

"Nope, as far as he told me this morning he was going to come back here." Sirius could hear Ron taking a bite out of a sandwich. Sirius knocked on the door, there was a rustling of papers and the sound of a few drawers being shut. Hermione pulled the door open a little more and stuck her head out.

"Oh, Good afternoon Sirius. Is there something that we could help you with?" To most adults the Hermione's question would have sounded innocuous, but Sirius could hear the nonverbal plea for him to go away so that she could get back to the others.

"Can I come in?"

"Um... we are kind of in the middle of a study session right now. I really don't think that the boys need to be disturbed, they are so hard to keep on track as it is."

"Hermione," Ginny said from within the room, "I'm sure Sirius is on our side. He told me that he would help figure things out." The door was pulled open from the joint effort of Ron pulling on the door and Ginny trying to wrestle Hermione out of the way.

"Sirius, do you know where Harry is?" Fred asked.

"No, I thought that he would have come back with Dumbledore." Sirius shook his head as he looked around the room at Harry's closest friends. "Can I ask you all a few questions?"

"Sure Sirius." Ron said putting the book down that he had been reading. Sirius glanced at the cover before speaking. Ron had been reading a book on chess that looked vaguely familiar.

"Have any of you noticed any changes in Harry since the end of the school year?"

"He seems to be thinking a lot more lately. Not in any mean way, but he wanders off to be by himself and tells anyone that asks that he just needs to think." Hermione said blushing slightly in response to her fumble.

"He has been reading a small green journal every time I see him. He puts it away when he sees me though. There is only a small lily embossed on the cover but no other writing." Ron added, startling Hermione and Sirius with his observations.

"I think that is his Mother's diary. I wonder where he found that. I thought it went missing right before that last Halloween."

"Well he has only ever been at Hogwarts and Privet Drive. Maybe his Mum hid the book at her sister's place."

"Maybe. I will leave you alone to 'study'. If he comes home, please send Harry to my Sitting Room. Thank you." Sirius left and walked back across the hall. When he had entered Remus looked up at him in surprise. Before he could sit down and pour himself another cup of tea Andromeda Tonks pushed the door of the sitting room open and joined them.

"Sirius, I think that something is horribly wrong with Dumbledore."

"Why would you think that? Other than he has been treating Harry like a toy."

"When you guys were kicked out of the kitchen he went on and on about how we need to send Harry back to his relatives to learn his

place." Andromeda looked like she was going to cry if she kept thinking about it.

"He can't do that. I am still technically Harry's Guardian. Harry hates those nasty muggles. He even said the other day that he would rather stay here with me, locked in this dank house, than return to their house."

"I think he is going to use that he is not only the Headmaster of Hogwarts but also as the Chief Wizard of the Wizengamot in order to get his way."

"I am not sure that, that will be completely possible." Andromeda said with a small secret smile. "Nym told me that she was doing high profile Ministry Protection detail for a few members of the Wizengamot. The person she is watching is Harry. Apparently he not only got out from under the bogus charges but also walked away with his Father's seat on the Wizengamot, and had the hunt called off for you."

"Why didn't he know about the seat before hand? He should have been going to meetings for years and taking his seat next year." Remus asked eating a chocolate chip cookie.

"The better question is why did you and I never think to talk to him about the fact he was to be looking at that seat and all of its responsibilities since he turned eleven. Technically, he could also be voting my seat."

"Sirius, do you realize that this is the first time that I have heard you talk about both your seat and James' on the Wizengamot. You have always broken off and talked about the weather or some other inane topic."

"Dromi, do you think that maybe we were placed under a memory charm? I mean, I can remember now that James asked me specifically to ensure that Harry was ready by the time that he was eleven to face his Social Peers"

"When Nym gets here later tonight I'll have her do the same scan she learned when they covered confronting witnesses and criminals that cannot remember things." Andromeda said sipping on her tea. They talked for more than three hours, planning on how they were

going to give Harry a crash course in being a noble before school started. They knew that if he had regained his seat in front of his social peers then they would be expecting him to be up to date on all of the Traditions and expectations before the year started. Tonks bounced into the room at nine thirty with a smile on her face that could out shine half of the stars in the sky.

"Hi Mum, how's dad? I didn't think that you would be here." She said changing her hair from a dark brown to her current favorite color of purple. She plopped into one of the chairs and grabbed a scone.

"Your dad is fine. I felt like coming to the Order meeting tonight and it was a good thing that I did."

"Why, what happened tonight. I'm sorry that I missed the meeting but Amelia asked a few of us to provide armed escorts for her dinner guests."

"Did those dinner guests include Harry?" Sirius asked.

"Yep, he is in the classroom with his friends. He has been bouncing off the walls to talk to them since I picked him and Neville up from Longbottom Manor."

"Good. No one knew where he was and we were a little bit worried." Remus said as Sirius collapsed back into his chair in relief.

"Nym darling. Could you cast a memory charm detection spell for us. For some reason none of us remembered that James was a noble before this afternoon. We wanted to make sure that there wasn't anything else that we were being forced to forget." Andromeda asked.

"Sure. Hold on a second everyone?" Tonks waved her wand in a complicated pattern over everyone. "This is odd. There are multiple layers of memory charms placed on everyone. Most of them were created by one person and tied to specific bits of information. There are a few tied to places and events. I can't break any of them." Tonks wrote down a series of runes on a piece of parchment and rolled it up before sticking it in her pocket. "Let me talk to a friend of mine that works at St. Mungos in the mental health office."

"Ok. Whatever it takes Nym. I think that we need to have this figured out as soon as possible."

"We will have it figured out before Dumbledore goes to his trial." Tonks said with a devious smile.

"What do you mean Dumbledore's trial?" Remus said almost spitting his tea across the room.

"Oh, during Harry's trial it came out that Dumbledore ignored James and Lily's wills and has been voting his seats horribly. Apparently he is also voting the Prewett seat. Harry made this small speech about the war orphans being put through horrible things a second time by being taken advantage of. So the Wizengamot voted to look over how every single orphan from the first war was being looked after."

"So Albus is going to trial in order to pay for some of his manipulations." Sirius said with a grin.

"Yep." Tonks said with a smile.

"That's good. Help us come up with a way to quickly train Harry in all that he needs to know." Sirius said and with that the four of them would be in the study well into the night planning how they were going to accomplish things with Harry.

Saturday Morning

Number 12 Grimmauld Place

Harry sat down at the desk in his room with a stack of parchment paper. He was thinking about the multitude of letters that he needed to write. The voice and him had been reviewing things that he needed to accomplish before school started now that he had regained his family's seat in the Wizengamot. He sat for a few extra seconds trying to figure out how he was going to sign his name. He had always gone by Harry, it was strange to go by Harrison James. He understood that he needed to use his legal name and not the name that he was used to going by. He decided that Harrison James was how he would sign letters that were not personal and personal letters and notes would be signed from Harry.

Dear Grand Lady Longbottom, I hope that this missive finds you well. It was a great pleasure to converse with you over tea yesterday. I would like to thank you for your generosity both before my court appearance and after my innocence was proven. It was reassuring that people had faith in me when you invited me to stay at your beautiful manor. I would like to ask you a few small questions. Would you be able to recommend a tutor in order for me to become more acquainted with pure blood Society? I would prefer not to make a spectacle of myself in front of the Wizengamot. Neville, is a dear friend of mine and I would like to organize a joint birthday for him and myself this July. Thank you for all of your generosity in the past weeks. I look forward to seeing you again in the future. Sincerely, Harrison James, Lord of House Potter

He blew on the ink of his signature to dry it faster so that he could fold the parchment. When every word was dry Harry folded and stamped the back of the letter with his seal. Putting it aside he set to work on the rest of his letters.

'How do I write an apologetic note for something that I did in a moment of immaturity.'

'Tell her that you were disrespectful to both her and her family.'

'That should work. I really don't want her to be mad at me.'

Dear Miss Pavarti Patil, I truly understand if you do not wish to hear from me. I am hoping though that you will accept my deepest apologies for how I treated you at the Yule Ball this past December. I realize now how horrible it was for me to be disrespectful to you and your family. It was horrible of me to invite you to be my date for the Ball and then ignore you the way I did. I would like to thank you for putting up with me at the Ball as much as you did. Allow me to make this up to you in the near future. Please do accept my apologies. Sincerely, Harrison James, Lord of House Potter

Harry put the letter aside to dry while he thought of what to say in the next letter.

'Ah, Young Love...'

'Don't start with me. I'm not in love, I just think that she is beautiful.' Harry admitted to himself and the voice.

'Well then, she is a Lady correct?'

'Yes, she is her Father's heiress.'

'Then this must be worded as eloquently as possible. Also know that her Father or Mother might be reading this letter before she gets it.'

'Okay, then what should I say.'

'Thank her and her Father for standing up for you at the trial. Say something about the party you are planning for both you and Neville. End the letter with a small note of how beautiful she is.'

Dear Miss Daphne of House Greengrass, Good day, I hope that this missive finds you well. I would like to formally introduce myself to you. Please accept an invitation to my Current Residence for a combined Birthday Party for both Neville, Scion of House Longbottom, and Myself. The small soirée will be held on the thirty first of this month. I would also like to thank you and your father for standing up for my privacy during the recent Wizengamot meeting. Without seeming forward I would like to say that your hair was beautifully done at the Wizengamot meeting. I would like to apologize for not noticing your amazing and exotic beauty within the dark and dismal walls of Hogwarts Castle. Sincerely, Harrison James, Lord of House Potter

'That doesn't look to bad. I think you inherited some of your Father's romanticism, on top of our Family's dashing good looks.'

'I would like to think that some of this is me. Not my Father's sly tongue.'

'Do not rely solely on your Mother's vision of your Father from her early diary. They were like oil and water until I got a hold of him. He was more mischievous than any Potter I have ever had the honor of talking to.'

'How many Potter's have you talked to?'

'I have been the guiding light of almost every Potter since the twelve hundreds. From the age of thirteen till marriage. I cannot tell you

their inner thoughts but I can use them as reference for helping future Potters'

'That's a lot of Potters. Anyway, back to my letters.'

Dear Neville, Scion of House Longbottom, How are you doing mate? Thank you for your advice during my trial. I am staying at the home of a friend of my Father's. I have found a beautiful garden and attached greenhouse at his residence that is in desperate need of identification and proper maintenance. I would like to know if you would like to come over to assist me with making sure that every plant is OK. My elves are new and are not quite sure what is being raised. On a more personal note, did you see Susan Bones at Dinner on Friday? She was stunning. I also think that she likes you. Perhaps there is something there. Sincerely, Harrison James, Lord of House Potter

'Now a thank you note for last night's dinner invitation.'

Dear Lady Amelia of House Bones, Please accept my most appreciative thanks for the dinner invitation on Friday night. After all of the day's tribulations it was good to be able to spend time with dear friends in a non school atmosphere. Also, I would like to thank you for standing up for not only me but for justice. Is it possible for me to know who is on my Grandfather's case in your department? Should I be able to find anything on either his whereabouts or Peter Pettigrew's I would like to know who I should send said information to. Please pass on my most sincere appreciation for a wonderfully cooked meal to your staff. As a side note Aurors Tonks and Shacklebolt, the aurors that escorted me home, were very efficient in ensuring my safe arrival at my current residence. There are in my opinion, very good aurors, having swept the house and street before leaving me to my Guardian. Sincerely, Harrison James, Lord of House Potter

Dear Minister Fudge, I do hope that this letter finds you well. In our conversation yesterday, you insisted that I write you with any questions or concerns that I may have. Through much soul searching I have come to the realization that our Hogwarts education is not fully preparing students for life in the Wizarding world. Perhaps you, as the Minister, could recommend classes for all incoming students to take. This may also alleviate some of the Muggleborns that feel woefully lost in that first year. There are time

honored Wizarding traditions that many only learn about on accident. I feel that it may create a less volatile environment, involving relations between Pureblood and Muggleborn parts of Society, if the following classes were added to the Hogwarts Curriculum. Etiquette and Deportment: Many muggle families no longer rely on these ways of proper behavior so some incoming Muggleborns are not prepared for any invitations into the world that most Pure and Half bloods have grown up in. This class could also cover the Wizarding Traditions that relate to relationships and the progression between being friends and wanting to begin a courtship. Wizarding Government: A class that will prepare all of those who wish to seek career placement within the Ministry. This way you only have people that already know how the system works and how certain things need to be handled, applying for jobs within the Ministry. I see this as beneficial for you because it is sure to cause a drop off in the number of unprepared applicants who baulk against how things have been done and seek to change them. I also quietly suggest that the classes in Wizarding History and Muggle Studies be revised. There are many advances in Muggle Society that are not even touched on in the Muggle Studies classes. And while it has become tradition for a ghost to teach History of Magic it is not conducive to real learning. Perhaps, a living breathing teacher that will help explain things other than the Goblin Wars would be more beneficial to the students. Sincerely, Harrison James, Lord of House Potter

To whom on the House Elf Council it may concern, I, Lord Potter, request a list of approved and available Ladiesmaids and two other strong house elves of either gender to be employed between my two properties. Thank you, Lord Potter

Harry took all of the letters and folded them before sealing the centers with green wax. After he pressed his family crest into all of them he took a deep breath and sighed. Thinking of Hedwig, he opened the window to his room and waited for a few minutes. The beautiful snowy owl drifted through the window and landed softly on the edge of Harry's desk.

"Hedwig, could you please deliver these letters for me?" The look from Hedwig was one of concern that Harry would question her delivery skills. "These are for Neville Longbottom, Susan Bones, and Daphne Greengrass. I will have the others sent off individually." Hedwig flapped her wings gently, as not to muss any of the papers

on the desk before flying back out through the window. "Dobby." Harry waited a second for Dobby to appear.

"Yes, Lord Potter, sir." Dobby appeared wearing a small pair of black pants with a forest green vest that had the Potter crest stitched in gold on the back. His appearance was more dignified and clean than it had been before Harry had asked for Kreacher's help in retraining him.

"Please have these letters sent off with separate owls at the earliest possible moment. I would like them all delivered by this afternoon."

"Of course, Lord Potter." Dobby popped back out of sight.

Harry left his bedroom and ventured down the stairs, planning on going out into the garden and sitting amongst the plants. He planned to do some of the calming and mind clearing exercises that the voice and a few books on Occlumency had recommended. He was beginning to think of the voice as not only his mentor but as a reminder of his family. One that could be counted on to explain things and then to tell him the benefits to the Potter Family that could be taken from doing certain things. Three steps from the kitchen door he was seen by Headmaster Dumbledore. The first thought to cross Harry's mind was 'Crap! I don't want to talk to him.'

"Ah, there you are Harry, my boy. I wanted to talk to you."

"I'm sorry Headmaster but I was just on my way out of the house for a little while."

"Harry, you aren't allowed to leave the house." The Headmaster stated, the look on his face was one of pure annoyance.

"Headmaster, I am afraid that since you aren't my legal guardian you cannot tell me where I can and cannot go while I am not in school. And I was just going out into the Garden for some quiet contemplation."

"Harry I am afraid that this house has been compromised. You will need to be returning to your Aunt and Uncle's house. It has come to our attention that some of the Death Eaters have been attempting to find the location of this house." Dumbledore said with a grandfatherly smile.

"Are you going to be sending the Weasleys, Sirius, Hermione, Remus and the rest to a safer place? Or are you just sending me to the Dursley's because you are disgruntled that I not only earned my freedom by defending myself but I discovered your ploy to keep my Family's Wizengamot seat from me?"

"Its for your safety. Everyone else is moving back to the Burrow."

"So a place whose address was printed in the Daily Prophet two years ago is safer than a house under the Fidelius Charm."

"Stop arguing with me Harry. Go up stairs and pack your things. You are going home."

"Headmaster, why is it that you send me back there every year? Some odd blood wards? What would happen if Voldermort had my blood in his veins? He got it during his Resurrection. Makes them pretty useless doesn't it."

"Harry him having your blood doesn't matter. You need to go home to your family. I'm sure that they are concerned about how the trial turned out."

"I'm not sure they would be concerned about me unless I left them my entire fortune. And one other thing: never call that prison my home. I have never thought of that place as my home. Do you even read the Hogwarts letters that are sent out?"

"You need to stop being unreasonable. They are your family. You are overreacting and being childish. Why would it matter what was on your letter?"

"Because my first Hogwarts letter was addressed to the 'cupboard under the stairs'. That was my bedroom till I was eleven. You tell me if there are any real reasons why in a house with four bedrooms and four people would have the fourth living in a cupboard?" Harry turned from Dumbledore and walked down the stairs to the kitchen and out into the back garden.

Grimmauld Place

Sunday

Harry walked down the small stairs to the kitchen early Sunday morning. Mrs. Weasley was bustling around the room preparing enough breakfast to feed an army. "Mrs. Weasley, can I talk to you for a second?"

"Of course Harry, What is bothering you?" She wiped a bit of flour off of her hands and onto her apron.

"It is nothing that is bothering me. Does it bother you that Percy is being distant and not associating with the family?"

"It does, but I am trying to let him take his own path in life."

"What if he was to come home?" Harry asked trying to sound hypothetical.

"Then he would be welcomed with open arms."

"Mrs. Weasley, Percy will be here for dinner tonight, if you will have him. He would also like to introduce you to his beloved Penelope." Harry said with a smile on his face.

"Percy is coming here? He is coming home? And bringing a girl?" Mrs. Weasley's heart was racing. "What am I going to do. We are not prepared for this. It has to be extra special, nothing can look ordinary. What is this Penelope girl like? Will she be a good fit with the rest of the family?"

"Let me handle the others. You work with Kreacher and Dobby on the menu and preparing amazing food. Everything will be fine. By the way, Penelope is not allergic to anything."

"Thank you dear. Can you gather everyone else for breakfast?"

"Of course." Harry left the kitchen to knock on the bedrooms doors to wake everyone up. Once everyone that was still in the house had gathered in the kitchen for breakfast Harry stood to make an announcement. "I need to ask a favor of all those gathered at Lord Black's table. We have company coming for dinner that will require that everyone is on their best behavior."

"Who is coming?" Ron asked knowing that unless it was important Harry would not be speaking to his friends like he was addressing a room full of adults.

"Percy is coming home to apologize to the family for being distant. He is also bringing his beloved Penelope with him." A look of understanding washed over everyone's face. Harry saw that Hermione was still a bit lost and decided to pull her aside later and talk to her. "Thank you all. I thought that by warning you all early that no one would seek to hurt me later."

Harry sat down and breakfast was eaten in silence. That day passed in a flurry of activity as every room was straightened, the bedrooms cleaned to spotless, the three guest bathrooms were sparkling with the amount of cleaning solution that was used on them. Harry was going from room to room adding personal touches. Standing in the foyer he decided to keep Mrs. Black from scaring Penelope when she arrived. Taking three safety pins that he had found in his trunk he attached the edges of the curtain to each other. After a splash of inspiration he asked Tonks to cast a silencing spell over the entire portrait. The house took on the appearance of being gone over with a pair of white kid gloves. Lunch was a small and brief affair of sandwiches and butter beers in the garden before everyone went back to work.

Hermione was running around the upstairs attempting to see if she had any clothes that she could wear for a nice dinner. Sitting on the floor in her room with the entirety of her closet dumped on the floor in front of her, she came to the realization that she would need to have something picked up from her parents house. Writing a quick note to her parents to place one of her semi formal dresses into the spelled box, that they normally sent her goodie packages in, and send it back with Hedwig as soon as possible, she dashed into Harry's room before anyone could see her. Harry saw her leaving his room with a small smile and pulled Hermione into their small classroom/study area. After locking the door Harry turned to her.

"Hermione, I know that you are a little confused with what is going on tonight. Would you like for me to explain as much as I know about tonight's dinner to you?"

"Yes, I don't want to sound like an idiot or say something to Ron that I shouldn't, like I did earlier."

"You need to assume that everyone is going to be speaking about traditions like you should already know what is going on. Let's go through the facts. Percy is a pureblood from a family that has a long history of being purebloods. Penelope is a half blood like me. Penelope has caught Percy's eye. Percy is not one to go against Tradition."

"But what Tradition. This is a dinner with family right?"

"There are guidelines to dating that should be followed, when a couple decides to become serious. It is a bit archaic but you can over come it when you do some research. Which, I know that you love to do. This is just prior to step one of beginning a Courtship style relationship. Tonight's dinner is the first time that Penelope will meet the Weasleys. Within the next week Percy must sit down with his Parents and they will discuss very frankly if they think that Penelope will be good for the future of the Family Weasley."

"Shouldn't that be Percy and Penelope's decision?"

"Hermione, every time you walk into the Wizarding world you are greeted with the facts that the Wizarding world is still stuck somewhere in the Dark Ages."

"I think I understand a little."

"Why don't we pick up one of the Muggleborn Guide to Wizarding Culture when we go to Diagon?"

"That sounds good. So tonight's dinner is basically going to be a discussion of all things Penelope so that the Weasley's can decide if they want to allow Percy to pursue her hand?"

"Just about right. Now, I think that we need to get back to work before anyone thinks that something sneaky is happening. I can't risk both of our reputations by keeping you behind a locked door." Harry grinned.

"I guess we must be mindful of our reputations." Hermione smiled back at him. "I sent Hedwig to my Parent's house to collect something nice for me to wear."

"That was a good idea. So that is why you were sneaking out of my room?"

"Yep."

"Do you think that you could help me pick my clothes before tea time. Percy is coming for tea to help me wrap my head around somethings."

"Sure. Have you bought new clothes or should I ask Tonks to take us shopping?"

"I went with Neville on Friday before Dinner at House Bones."

"Ok. I'll come find you at three so you can get ready."

"Thanks Hermione." Harry wrapped his arms around her and squeezed. They opened the door and left the little classroom. Sirius took Buckbeak for a trip to the Forbidden Forest. This way neither of the two fugitives was in the residence.

Harry fished around in his desk for the scrap of paper that had allowed him to see the house that he was standing in. After spending ten minutes searching for Remus he found him sitting in the Library.

"Remus, I've been meaning to ask you. If this is the Black Family Library and you have to be a Black or be the Godchild of a Black to get in, how can you and the Tonkses get in?" Harry asked as he sat down next to the fire.

"Well, the Tonkses are easy. They are related by blood to Sirius. While Matriarch of the family, Sirius' mother, can disinherit someone but cannot fully remove them from the family. Sirius, James and I did something kind of dumb when we were in sixth year. Sirius' mother had kicked him out, they had almost completed their animagus transformations. We wanted to prove that the three of us would be friends for ever. We became blood brothers. It was only after we had exchanged blood that we remembered that I am a werewolf. I could have cursed both of them without meaning to. So I do have some Black Family Blood running through my veins."

"Ah, just wondering. Do you think that you can do me a favor?"

"Sure cub. What is it?"

"Could you change some of the words on this scrap of paper for me?" Harry showed him the page with the address on it. "I want Percy and Penelope to be able to actually get into the house. If this just said that this is the address for Harry Potter's Current residence."

"Harry that is a good idea. Do you think that it will work? This house is under the Fidelius."

"Well technically Headmaster Dumbledore wrote the original note. I mean if you think about it. He didn't come outside to give me the note, someone else did. So that means that this note can be given to others because he wrote it the first time."

"That creates a quandary about what we have been doing with those scraps that the Headmaster has written this address on."

"I'll talk to Moody about it later." Harry said handing the scrap to Remus. A few seconds later there was a small glow of light and there was a new location with the same address on the scrap of paper.

At exactly three in the afternoon Hermione dragged Harry and Ron into Harry's room to find him clothes to wear. After she had laid out his clothes she dragged Ron from the room and told Harry to get a shower. When he had finished his shower he dressed in the clothes that Hermione had picked out for him. Harry was wearing a pair of gray dress pants and a bronze shirt with black leather shoes. Putting the scrap of paper in his pocket he walked down stairs to the foyer. At exactly four pm there was a small cracking sound from the park across the street. He walked out of the house and into the park to greet them.

"Good afternoon Mister Weasley. It is good to see you."

"It is good to see you too Lord Potter. This is Penelope Clearwater. Penelope this is Harrison James, Lord of House Potter." Harry kissed her hand. "Please do call me Harry, dearest Penelope. Will you both please read this note for me." The house appeared behind Harry. "Off we go." They entered the house quickly so as not to be

outside any longer than necessary. "Welcome to my current residence. I would like to introduce you to Remus Lupin, he is my current guardian of choice due to my guardianship being contested in the Wizengamot." Remus shook Percy's and Penelope's hands.

"Welcome to our home. Percy it is good to see you again. Let us retire to Lord Potter's study. Penelope, would you like to join us in the study or would you prefer to enjoy the company of Hermione and Ginevra in another room?"

"I will remain with you; if that is okay." She answered, not sure that she wanted to be in a strange home without Percy near by.

The group walked up the stairs and into the study that was across from the small classroom. Once everyone was situated Harry rang the small silver bell on the counter for Kreacher and Dobby to bring up a small tray of tea and another of sandwiches and biscuits. Percy talked about anything and everything that he thought Harry would want to know about the Wizengamot and the Ministry in general. Harry took notes with a Bic and a spiral notebook of paper. Remus laughed at the small joke of Harry taking notes on being a Wizarding Lord with a cheap muggle writing utensil and paper not a quill and parchment.

"Thank you for your help Percy. Would either of you like to freshen up before Dinner?" Harry asked at six forty five.

"I would like to Lord Potter." Penelope said as she stood.

"You may use this bathroom in here." Harry opened a door to a small powder room in the corner of the study. Five minutes later Penelope reentered the study. "Let's go down to the dining room." As they left the room Harry knocked on the bedrooms and classroom doors across the hall and informed both Ron and the Twins that it was dinner.

They entered the dining room with five minutes to spare before the food would be served. The dining room was sparkling with dozens of floating candles casting a flickering glow on the crystal stemware and vases on the table. The long table was covered with a forest green satin tablecloth, there were single bud vases in front of the seats for every female attending the dinner. Each vase held a solitary Prismatic Rose gleaming in different colors as the lights

flickered. The gold tone flatware was tucked neatly into crimson napkins and laid upon white porcelain plates. There were small name cards in ivory in front of each plate, a hippogriff rampant pressed in gold and in emerald green name of the person who was to sit there.

"Please have a seat. There were two more guests that are arriving by floo." Harry left them to find their seats as he went into another room to fetch Bill and Charlie. The three entered the dining room to see that everyone including Mrs Weasley was already sitting at the table. Harry sat in his chair, that had somehow moved to the head of the table. When everyone was ready Mrs. Weasley took a small bell from beside her plate and summoned the two elves to bring dinner to the table. A standing rib roast complete with roasted vegetables entered the room first followed by a tray of mashed potatoes, cheese biscuits, a pasta salad and a large tureen of summer squash soup.

"Penelope, please do tell, what are you doing now that you have graduated from Hogwarts?" Mrs. Weasley asked ladling some soup into her bowl and beginning the first round of questions.

"Currently, I am interning at the Division of Families while pursuing a muggle Bachelors degree in Social Work." Penelope said adding a small pad of butter to her cheese biscuit.

"What drew you to Social Work as a muggle degree?" Hermione asked, still in the thinking stage about pursuing a muggle degree.

"I want to be able to help children and families work through difficulties that they may face."

"I find it fascinating that Penelope is looking for a degree in the muggle world. From our conversations she plans on using that knowledge to work with children that are placed in magical and muggle orphanages after they are discovered to be magical." Percy said, pride in his voice.

"That seems like an honorable task Penelope. I admire people that see a need and then seek to alter their path in order to help that need." Harry said causing Penelope to blush. She flicked her long brown hair over her shoulder.

"What made you want to enter into a relationship with a pureblood, knowing the requirements of said relationship?" Ron asked, popping a chunk of bread into his mouth. "Ronald." His mother hissed from her chair while Penelope turned pink again.

"It's a decent question Mum. Miss Clearwater is a halfblood. Is she looking for political advancement by marrying into a pureblood house or does she really love Percy?" Charlie defended his youngest brother's question.

"I am in love with your brother. I wanted to be with him regardless of his blood status. If it was just the two of us poor as dirt I would still want to be with him." Dinner continued on with Penelope answering a question every few minutes and keeping a smile on her face the whole time. As dessert was served, a flaming plum pudding, Percy stood behind his chair.

"Dear Family. I would like to propose a toast to all of you. I am sorry that for last few months I have been distant for the last few months. I have been allowing my want to be an integral part of the Ministry to overshadow my responsibilities to House Weasley. I would also like to thank Lord Potter for inviting me here, so that I could ask forgiveness from my family. Harry you really are a better person than most say you are."

"To Harry." There were raised glasses around the table.

"Well I would like to answer that toast with one of my own. To Penelope, a beautiful, socially minded, young woman who is seeking to change the stars of those around her. We are very grateful that you came to know our Percy and came to dinner tonight."

"To Penelope." Was the second and last toast of the night. Percy pulled Penelope's chair out and helped her to her feet. The pair said their goodbyes to everyone before walking towards the door. Harry followed them into the foyer. "Thank you both for coming tonight. Penelope, I know that I speak for the whole assembled group when I say we look forward to seeing you again in the future."

"Thank you for having us Lord Potter." Penelope said with a smile. "I mean thanks Harry. I knew that you were a great guy."

"Talk to you later Harry. I have to get Penelope home. I'll be back later tonight." With that Percy led Penelope out the door and they were gone. Harry returned the dining room to see everyone still sitting at the table discussing the small interrogation that they had just put Penelope through. An hour later they were still discussing the finer points of Penelope's answers and the six school aged children crept out of the dining room and headed up the stairs. They all dressed for bed and gathered in Harry's room.

"Harry, why did you invite Percy to dinner?" Ron asked.

"Percy is helping understand the Ministry. And we made a deal."

"What kind of deal did you make with him?" George asked digging through a bowl of Bertie Botts Every Flavor Beans.

"During my trial it was announced that Dumbledore is voting the Prewett seat in the Wizengamot." Harry waited to see if any of them understood it. "Percy asked me to look into it after I was inducted as a Lord. The seat should be your Mother's. Especially since she is the only member of her family left."

"But why is Dumbledore voting the seat. And doesn't that mean that there is a Family Vault somewhere with family stuff in it?" Ginny asked. After her ordeal in her first year she was very leery of Dumbledore.

"There should be. I told him that I would have it looked into as long as he apologized and came back to the family." Harry said. Stiffling yawns the girls left the room to go talk in their own room. Ron snagged a bowl of chocolate frogs and left to go to his room. That left Fred and George with Harry.

"Can we talk to you?" Fred asked as George shut the door and they gathered near his desk.

"Sure. Whats up?"

"You know how you gave us the money from the tournament?" George said.

"Yeah. What's up with it?" Harry asked hoping that it wasn't Bagman that had secured the money and it hadn't disappeared on them.

"We are going to open our joke shop after school is over and we wanted to go ahead and have you sign this form." Fred handed Harry the form, not really explaining what the form was.

"Guys I won't sign anything without knowing what it is."

"Its just a form saying that you are going to be the co-owner of the joke shop with the two of us." George answered.

"Why do you want me to be a partner? This has always been your dream?"

"Because, you gave us the way to start up our dreams. This would be years and years down the road instead of being able to start in two years, right after graduation." Fred said popping a few beans into his mouth.

"Ok. I'll sign it but we will continue you to talk about it later on. Just don't let your mum find out. If she comes after me I'll just say you tricked me." Harry said with a laugh.

Chapter 5

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

Grimmauld Place

Early Morning

Monday morning dawned gray and cloudy, rain was on the horizon. Harry sat up in his bed, stretched his arms over his head and mentally prepared himself for the stress of the day ahead.

'Alexian, what do I do today? I know that I need to go to the bank but what do I do from there?' Harry thought to his guide.

'Well first you need to ask for the goblin that handles the Potter Accounts. Once they show you to him you need to verify a few things like when he began his position, who appointed him, and has he been diligent. If he was not appointed by a member of the family you will need to dismiss him and request a new account manager.' Alexian said comfortingly.

'Is that all. I can do that.' Harry sighed in relief.

'Good. Then you need to ask for a certified copy of you parents' wills and the account ledgers. James should have had it returned to the vault upon his going into hiding. I'll help you go through the ledgers tonight. You will need to freeze all of your accounts until you have time to go through each of them.'

'Is that all?'

'That's all for your father's side of the family. I would save your Mother's vault for the last actions of the day. If I remember your father's thoughts on Lily I would say it is going to take you a while to get through the things that she left for you.'

'Thanks Alexian. Oh, question, why does my head hurt really bad most mornings?'

'Most nights I'm giving you information that you need, that someone should have told you. Like how to speak, social skills, Family History, the nuances of navigating the Wizengamot.'

'So you are making me smarter?'

'Not really smarter. I'm adding the collective knowledge and experience of everyone that has ever worn a Potter Crest. All of the crests are connected, to yours and through yours to the Manor and me. You still have to use the information or it will leave your memory.'

'Like when I was talking to the Wizengamot and to the other heirs. Or dinner with Susan Bones and her Aunt's circle of friends.'

'Correct, we can't have you messing with the family's name. Now can we?' Climbing out of bed Harry jumped into the shower and then dressed in charcoal gray pants and a white polo. He met Hermione, Ron and Ginny on the stairs heading for breakfast. Sitting at the table was Remus, Tonks and Sirius.

"Good morning everyone. What are today's plans?" Harry asked.

"Nothing." Hermione answered for Ginny and Ron.

"I was wondering if anyone wanted to go to the bank with me?" Harry questioned while helping Molly bring breakfast to the table. He knew that Molly wouldn't let him out of the house without people going with him.

"Are you sure Harry?" Ron asked hesitantly.

"Of course Ron, you are my friends aren't you?"

"Who is going to go with you Harry? I want you to be safe." Mrs Weasley asked, dishing up plates for everyone.

"I was planning on going along with them and Remus was going to accompany me." Tonks said smiling at Remus before going back to her eggs. Once Harry and his friends had finished breakfast they raced upstairs to straighten their rooms.

An hour later the children, accompanied by Remus and Tonks, approached Gringotts. Harry grew nervous of what was going to happen and what could be in his parent's vaults. He knew some of

what was going to be discussed today but not everything, it was the stuff that he didn't know that worried him the most.

'Harry relax, there will be no surprises in your Father's accounts. I am the only surprise.'

'How did you get in to my head in the first place Alexian?'

'Your Mother was just as brilliant as she was beautiful. She knew that if they did not make it you would need someone to guide you. She also planned on their wills being ignored. The box you found at your Aunt's at the beginning of the summer was amazing. She tied your father's crest to the one you received upon your birth and put it in the box. When your father died I went straight to your crest and waited for you to find me.' Once through the doors of the bank they were greeted by a surly looking goblin.

"Business?" He growled at them.

"I would like to see someone about the Potter Accounts, Wills and Inheritances."

"Name." The bored goblin asked, like it was commonplace for people to ask about the Potter holdings.

"Harrison James Potter of House Potter."

"Proof." The goblin eyed him. Harry pulled a chain from under his shirt, hanging from the chain was an onyx stone wrapped in platinum with the potter crest carved into it and inlaid with pearls. "I'm sorry for questioning you sir. Right this way, sir." The goblin led Harry and his group through a side door and into a long hallway lined with doors. He knocked on a door at the end of the hall. Harry felt Alexian's presence wrap around his mind, ready to whisper the answers and phrases he needed to say to Harry.

"Who dares to disturb me?" A growl emanated from the depths of the room behind the door.

"Mister Goldsmith, sir. I have a client to see you."

"I only see one client, and that Family hasn't been to see me in a long time. Not that their 'notaries' don't try it every month." The goblin trailed off as the one that had led them down the hallway pushed the door open farther to show him who was in the hallway. "Lord Potter. Please do come in. I was not aware that you were taking your place this year."

"It is great to make your acquaintance Mister Goldsmith, May your blades stay sharp and may your enemies cower in fear." Harry said in gobbledogook, repeating the harsh guttural sounds that Alexian was whispering in his head. His friends looked at Harry like he had sprouted a second head. Goldsmith smiled, a toothy savage grin that would be terrifying if they didn't know that the goblin was happy.

"That is the true mark of a Potter, young man. Anyone can fake a crest but only Alexian knows enough gobbledegook to say that without sounding like he was boxed round the head to many times." He dismissed the other goblin and waved everyone into his office. "Welcome to my humble office Lord Potter and Friends. May your pockets always be full, and your ships always have full sails."

"Thank you Mister Goldsmith. Alexian also says that you flatter him needlessly."

"I believe that you are here to discuss the entire Potter Holding, correct?"

"Yes sir." Harry braced himself for the inevitable shock. Turning around the goblin pulled two large books from the shelf behind him.

"These are you copies of the Holdings. I'm sure that Alexian can help you go over them."

"Thank you. Since you know about Alexian I am sure you know that my next question is who appointed you?"

"Your great great grandfather when he became the Head of the Family. Andrinik was a good man. He had an amazing head for business. It was a sad day when he was found dead. I mourned a true friend that decade."

"You honor my family in your mourning of his passing." Harry was stunned that the goblin before him would mourn the passing of a

mortal. They were not known to care about anything other than the treasures that they kept hidden.

"Young Lord Potter, I really must say that I was looking forward to seeing you years ago when you entered Hogwarts. I know that Sirius was unavailable due to the Wizengamot's stupidity but the rest of your Guardians were able to take care of you. Did you send a proxy that I dismissed accidentally?"

"Master Goldsmith, I only found out that my parents had a will three days ago. At roughly the same time I found out that I had a title. If it is possible I would like to read the official copy of my parents' will. I am sure that it was not followed."

"Lord Potter, I will have it brought to us directly. All wills are stored in a gallery downstairs. Please get comfortable while someone retrieves it for me." A whispered conversation to a goblin outside of the door later six goblin came in carrying three scrolls and three inlaid boxes. The scrolls were the wills but the purpose of the boxes escaped everyone's understanding. The goblins set everything down on the table in the middle of the room. Goldsmith nodded at them and the six goblins left silently.

"Lord Potter, It is the request of your departed parents that their wills only be read in the presence of someone named in the wills. Mister Lupin may remain, but Auror Tonks and the other children must leave."

"Understandable Master Goldsmith." Harry turned to Tonks. "Can you please wait outside. This shouldn't take long." She dragged a protesting Ron and Hermione from the room, Ginny followed at her own pace and of her own free will. As the door shut Harry turned to the goblin. "Please continue."

"As you wish Lord Potter." Goldsmith pulled the seals off of the first will. "This is the will of James Potter, Lord of House Potter. Being of sound mind and body I declare this to be my Last Will and Testament, thereby declaring all previous wills and testaments null and void. I declare that upon my death all assets, except those listed below, will revert to my wife, Lady Lilith Potter. In the event of her death then the assets will be held in faith that my son will take control of the Potter Holdings at the age of 11. I declare that Sirius Black, Lady Cerina Davin or Lady Bones will hold the Potter Proxy

until Harrisson is able to vote himself. The holder of the Potter Proxy must swear to uphold the guidelines of the Potters that govern how votes are to be made. In the event that the Davins are deceased then the Potter Proxy will vote the Davin Proxy until Harrisson can take the reins. We are employing the following ploy. The announcement was made before certain members of the 'respected community' that Sirius Black, Lord of House Black will be the secret keeper for our new house. In reality we will be using Peter Pettigrew, who will be going into hiding in Muggle London. Guardianship of Harrisson James will be given in the following order: Sirius Black (Lord), Cerina Davin (Lady), Amelia Bones (Lady), Agatha Longbottom (Grand Lady), Jackson Davenport (Muggle Barron), and Joshua Rostin (Muggle Lord, Cerina Davin's parents). Kiley Davin and Harrison James are to be raised together, regardless of the house that they live in. That is a joint request of both families. Divison of monetary and property assests. To Remus Lupin, I leave the Cottage in the Black Swamp, may you always have a home to run to and my third of the money made from certain inventions made by Blackwolf productions. To which ever family is taking in my poor son, a monthly allowance of three hundred galleons to ensure that he burdens no one. To Sirius Black, the book of jokes and pranks that Lily complied while we were in Hogwarts. Everything else is to go to Harrisson James for the posterity of the Family." The Goblin looked sadly up from the scroll. Harry nodded and the next scroll was unrolled.

"This is your Mother's will. It states that all other wills are null and void and that the will of her husband is upheld. She also states that your Guardianship of Kiley Davin is recognized by both Matriarchs." Goldsmith rerolled the scroll and handed it to Harry. "This is the most interesting Will in the bunch. It is the will of Lady Cerina Davin."

"If it is for me to hear let us not dawdle." Harry said, trying his hardest to keep his voice steady and even.

"Being the Last Will and Testament of Lady Cerina Davin, Regent of the Davin Family. I attest that the will of my late Husband Lord Davin is valid. I also attest that it is our will and greatest hope that House Potter looks after our Daughter Kiley Annamaria Natalia Davin in the event that we do not live through this war. All of the Bonds of Unity between House Potter and House Davin are renewed as we provide for the care of our futures. All of our equity and property are to be

held for our daughter by Lord Potter (Harrisson James in the event that his parents do not survive this war either)."

"Has Kiley Davin been located since the writing of these wills?"

"There is no Kiley Davin that responds to any summons from us, although you never responded to summons either. She could be under a secrecy charm or being kept from the public eye." Master Goldsmith handed the three scrolls to an aide before motioning for Harry to take the three boxes. Harry opened the box that bore his father's name first. Inside was a letter, a small bluegreen ring, a large signet ring and a small stack of envelopes. Harry opened the letter first.

My Little One, Harrisson James,

I cannot fathom that I am having to write you this letter today. Lilith has informed of her feeling of dread. I cannot bear to tell her that the women of the Potter Family get those feelings in times of need. The necklace that she wears even tonight is magical in its own right. I will tell you that later though.

Your mother is an amazing woman. I regret that you will not come to know her, or myself, as you grow. This letter is in case our wills are not followed and you are not with any of the great people that your mother and I have chosen to take care of you in case we do not make it. Harry, I know that your mother told you that she has made preperations for you in the same event that I am writing you this letter. By now you should have Alexian's help and guidance. Listen to him always. He has guided our family for generations upon generations. There is no better guide than he.

I pray that you and Kiley are being well taken care of. Kiley Davin is your Godsister. Our famillies are quite close. The Davins and the Potters have supported each other for going on a thousand years, earned honored and ancient status the same year. I know that you will not fall in love with young Kiley but a father can hope. As such, you are her Guardian in the event that he parents do not make it out of this damned war. There is a loophole in the laws that states that Ancient Families may appoint the young heir of another family as proxy and Guardian of any underage witch. If you do not know who I am talking about than we have more problems than I would like to think. If you are not being raised with Kiley then you need to find her.

She may be in grave danger. In the case that contained this letter is a small blue green ring that has Kiley's name engraved on the band. If it is rimmed in gold she is alive and well, if is rimmed in black she has perished, other colors represent her moods and health. It is important to your Family's honor that you find and reunite yourself with her.

Harry, I know that you will do great things with your life. The House of Potter and the House of Davin will flourish under your direct hand. Allow no Proxies to stand for you. There are mechanisms in place by a certain old man that will rest all power from you, destroy the very peace we have worked for in the Wizengamot. The same old man that created and influenced the passing of the law that stated that werewolves were ineligible for employment. Be strong Harry, you are a Potter. Take care of Kiley, settle down, have a family, flourish.

Goodbye my Son,

James Anthony Roderick Potter of House Potter, Guardian of House Davin

The bluegreen ring that was apparently tied to Kiley was rimmed in Gold with hints of blue and purple. So at least Harry knew that his godsister was alive. Each of the small envelopes contained a certificate of ownership for a variety of companies in both the muggle and the magical world. He left the signet ring in the box for a few minutes. There was a lot of responsibility tied to that ring. A lot of things that would change in his life, more than the changes that had already come about.

'You have started the steps to take that position back. I would wear the ring proudly Harry.' Alexian piped up.

'I was just thinking about what would come about due to putting it on.'

'Nothing that you haven't already committed yourself to.' Harry slid the signet ring on his finger and watched as it flared with light. The ring shrank to fit his finger and was warm to the touch. Thinking nothing of it he went on to his mother's box. The box also contained a letter, a necklace, a crystal vial and a stack of small envelopes.

My dearest Son,

It is difficult for me to write this letter knowing that you will not read it until you are eleven and I will not be there to explain this all in person. As I write this your father is flying you around the garden on his broom, you are giggling loud enough for me to hear from the far corner of the Library. Darling Harry, there is so much that I need to tell you. First off your real name: Harry is just a shortened version of your name. Fully your name is Harrison James Andrinik Potter of House Potter, at least in the Wizarding world. I am not completely sure what your name in the Muggle world will be. I hope that you are reading this with my brother Jackson. When I was seventeen and fresh from from Hogwarts, I applied to take my Advanced Level exams, part of the application process was basically a questionnaire about my education. Hogwarts has a list that they give Muggleborn students when they graduate that show how our classes are 'transferred' into Muggle world classes. On the form I had to state that I was adopted, it helped me to look for money to pay for college, my parents told me that when my Mum realized that I was applying for University.

Jackson found me on my seventeenth birthday. I got a letter asking for my attendance at a private luncheon at Davenport Manor. I was a little scared. Jackson is Baron of Davenport. When I arrived at the Manor Jackson asked me to give him a blood sample since I looked remarkably like his deceased Mother. I did, it just felt like the right thing to do. We talked about the Davenport University Endowment, a scholarship that went to a single individual that stood out to the Davenport family. An hour later a man came in and handed Jackson a sheet of paper. The paper was the results of a blood test that told him that I was his sister. He told me of how his sister disappeared from the Duke Seneson's house and it broke my parents' hearts. Yes my parents, the Senesons, are a Duke and a Duchess. The Duchess Seneson died a few years later of severe depression, not even the birth of Dahlia Marie, my younger sister, couldn't save her. In despair the Duke set aside an inheritance for me in case I or any of my children ever resurfaced. As of today, I have not been able to meet with him and therefore Jackson is the only one that knows that I am alive.

My birth name is Lilith Angelic Julianna Davenport of House Seneson. It is hard to explain to you in a letter what I need you to do. I know that you father has left you his title in the Wizarding world, a

Lordship in the Wizengamot. If you are not living with Jackson then I need you to find him and make yourself known to him and the rest of my family. There is a letter attached for him in case he is having problems realizing who you are. Harry, I have a bad feeling in my very bones that at my death you will end up with someone other than the people we have detailed in the wills. If that is the case then my diary of Hogwarts, Courtship of your Father and myself and up until today is being hidden at my adoptive sister's house. Her name is Petunia Evans Dursley. You will be drawn to it at age fourteen.

My little Harrison, if you were raised as James and I have intended none of this would be necessary. Sirius, Andromeda, Amelia, and Jackson, would bring you up with the highest care in preparing you for the inevitable. You and Kiley Davin should be being raised together. Cerina Davin was a great friend of mine. She also has a seat in the Wizengamot. We have a standing arrangement that the two of you will be raised together under the same Guardianship. Cerina's parents, the family Rostin, are muggles that believe in magic and were my refuge when living with Petunia got too much.

Read my diary to find out my experiences as a muggleborn in the Wizarding World. There are many traditions that you will need to participate in. If Kiley is being raised with you, but you are not with either our family or hers we would like you to act as her male guardian and control all assets separately until she marries.

Remember that I love you, as your father probably echoed in his letter. Take care of Kiley. Listen to Alexian, he has never steered a Potter wrong.

Love Always, Your Mum (Lilith Angelic Julianna Davenport Potter of House Potter, House Seneson and House Davenport)

Harry pulled the necklace from the box and examined it closely. This must have been the necklace that his father had referred to as being around his mother's neck all of the time. The crystal vial held the same smokey liquid that the aurors had pulled from his mind to place in the pensieve. Harry would have to find a pensieve later and check out that vials contents. Each of the envelopes held a letter should the need arise for them. There was a letter for his uncle, one for each of his guardians, and one marked Lady Potter-in-waiting.

Harry folded the letter gently, with tears in his eyes. Harry used a spare bit of parchment from his pocket and wrote a note with Kiley's name and the basic facts that he knew about her. Remus opened the door and Tonks stuck her head in.

"Tonks can you do me a favor?"

"Harry, if it is in my power I will do it." Tonks answered.

"Please copy this letter and take it personally to not only, Amelia Bones, but Mrs. Asington from the Department of Families. She is working to locate the orphans that went missing after the war."

"Harry could she have died earlier on?" Hermione asked attempting to not sound callous.

"Cerina was your godmother, you are technically her child as well, like you are technically a member of the Black Family. I know Cerina's husband died about a month before your parents did. Ummm, I really lost track of Cerina after that. I don't know if she is alive or not." Remus hung his head in shame.

"I'm certain that if she was alive she would have come for me. But what would stop her if she was?" Harry asked taking a deep breath.

"A memory charm." Tonks snapped her fingers. "Remus did you remember before yesterday that Harry even had a godmother?"

"No, I swear I also know knew about Lily being adopted." Remus thought for a second. "That's right. She showed me the first letter from Jackson. We both applied to take the A-levels together. And here we all thought that the only memory charms placed on us were about your Father's Legacy."

"I wouldn't put it past Dumbledore to make sure that I knew no ways to happiness other than what he showed me." Harry said bitterly before turning to Master Goldsmith. "Would it be possible for us to have a cart take us to my parents' vaults and the Family Vault."

"Of course Lord Potter, anything for one of our oldest patrons. Griphook." A familiar goblin walked into the room and bowed to Master Goldsmith. "Please take Lord Potter and his entourage down

to his families vault. Each of them." Griphook nodded and ushered them out.

"It was great doing business with you today Master Goldsmith. May your swords be sharp and your pockets full of gold."

"The same to your Lord Potter, and may your enemies fall before you." With that the goblin went back to his work and Harry followed Griphook down the hall.

"How have you been Griphook?"

"Very good Lord Potter." Griphook swallowed his astonishment at being remembered. The group bypassed the line of patrons waiting for carts down to their vaults and went through a private door. "This way Lord Potter. We must take a different track to get to the level your Family's vaults are on. We will asses your mother's on the way back up."

"That is fine with me Griphook." There was a faint yet creepy smile on Griphook's face as he walked to the controls for the cart. Suddenly they plummeted deeper into the catacombs than Harry had ever been. Screeching to a halt before two large stone gargoyles, one of black marble and one of white marble, Harry laughed at the expression of sickness on his friends' faces.

"There is no key for this vault Mister Potter. You must do this on your own before anyone can join you in the vault." Harry nervously approached vault 23. At the door he placed his left hand into an imprint on the door. A faint buzzing reached his ears.

'It's okay Harry. The guards and I are talking. Not to worry.' Alexian whispered in his ear before the buzzing began again. Without notice the white gargoyle lashed out and slashed Harry across the back, shredding his shirt and leaving three bleeding red welts across his back. Harry cried out and dropped to his knees before he bit his tongue and struggled to stand himself back up.

"Harry!" Hermione yelled, attempting to jump from the cart only to be held in place by Tonks.

"Don't," she whispered in Hermione's ear, "just watch." The black gargoyle stretched out his clawed paw and healed the angry red

welts. The gargoyles returned to their original positions and the giant bronze doors creaked open.

"Griphook, we will be ready to leave again in roughly two hours. If you have other duties to perform I would hate to keep you from them." Harry said quietly to the goblin.

"I will return in two hours then Lord Potter." With that said the goblin climbed back into the cart and disappeared back up the track. As Griphook disappeared Harry led his friends through the archway created by the two roaring gargoyles. The large bronze door depicted the seal that Harry used for his official mail. A shield, split in half by a gold line. One side was striped with silver, black and green while the other was broken into two sections, the top sections being blue with a field of stars and the bottom section bearing a book and a scale, superimposed over the whole right side was a sword crossed over a wand. Beneath the shield was a silver ring and on the left were a gargoyle and the right a dragon.

"Prosapia supremus totus alius. Harry did you translate your Family's motto?"

"Not yet. What does it mean?" Harry knew that she would have the answer.

"Family above all else." She said with a smile before letting out a gasp that was echoed by the rest of the group. The area they were standing in was a small, enclosed sitting area. There were three oversized chairs and a small table. On the table was a note that read that noone save a Potter or their Guardian were allowed into the main vault. Tonks nodded to the unanswered question that she would be remaining with the others while Harry and Remus went forward. They stepped through a concealed archway and into a vault that was easily the size of the Great Hall. On the wall closets to the door was a painting of a young Celtic warrior, a sad expression in his eyes, standing on a cliff looking at over the sea as if searching for someone or something. The name plate read 'Guardian Alexian, May his search one day be over.'

'Alexian is that you?'

'Yes, that was me. I was engaged to be married to Atena Laurel Potter. She was the Barons second daughter, I would not have to

give up my post in the army, I could have the woman that I was in love with and the path that would help me take care of them. The night before we were to wed she was kidnapped, her guards murdered and the ladies that had stayed with her were injured. It was all my fault that that man even knew she existed. I swore that I would defend her against anyone and I couldn't protect her from one of my own brother's enemies. I vowed to guard and guide the Potter Family for eternity if they would help me capture and enact my revenge on behalf of their daughter. Word of warning never anger a Potter woman.'

'Why. What happened?'

'Everyone thought that it was just a myth, that the Elder Families would ever bind the magic into their blood by taking on treaties with the creatures. The Gargoyles and your Family have a contract, a deal if you will. Every few generations a child must be given to them to raise until the Family is in need of them again. The Gargoyles have three forms, their stone form, a half and half form and then a form that makes you truly believe that they are human through and through. The Potter women had always been volatile. The Gargoyle blood increased this in most of them. They are dangerous.'

'But what do you mean?'

'We discovered who had raided the manor and made off with Atena. When we got there to retrieve her she was dead, poisoned herself after he had forced himself upon her. The Potter women flew into a rage; they destroyed most of the town, ripped him apart, stole all of the children from his clan and carted them back to the manor. Seven were sacrificed to the Gargoyles as a vengeance demand. The magic of the contract required it. The other family was wiped off of the map by the Gargoyles between sunset and sunrise of the next day. Since I could not go on without her I stayed to guard the future generations.'

The open area in front of them was another small sitting area while archways and hip high walls separated the different areas. Clothes, Armor, Furniture, Books, Jewels, Equipment, Art and Money. They spent a while exploring each of the areas, Harry knew that he would have to come back sooner or later and spend a lot of time going through the individual items, desperate for anything that was his

parents'. Before they knew it the two hours were up and Griphook appeared at the door to the vault.

"To your mother's vault Lord Potter, it will no doubt entertain you." Griphook led them all back to the cart and up the tracks to his Mother's vault, number 791. This time he pulled a key from his pocket and opened the door for them. It was a standard sized vault. Four large barrels overflowed with coins. A chest sat between them on the floor and three school trunks were stacked against the back wall.

"Remus, can you or Tonks shrink the trunks so that I can go through them later?"

"Of course Harry." Remus waved his wand over the trunks and then put them in his pocket. Harry knelt in front of the chest and ran his hand across the wood working. His mother's name was carved into the lid, not the name she used in Hogwarts but her real name. Taking a breath he opened the chest.

There was a shelf on top of the chest, obscuring what was beneath it. A small box of crystal vials, more letters, a second diary, a velvet bag and a large padded envelope sat in the top section. One of the envelopes said 'read me first' so he broke the seal.

"Dear Harry, I am sorry that this is what you will have to remember me by until Potter Manor can be reopened. The three trunks along the wall are book for you to study with. It shouldn't take you long to get through them if Alexian is helping you as he should be. One is Wizarding material that you should know before you go toe to toe with people like the Malfoys and the other Great Families. The other two are the muggle subjects and the study guides for the university placement exams. Although you are raised a wizard one of my last requests is that you also fit into my world. Now, the crystal vials are some memories that you might find useful. I cannot write what they are in case they go missing, but there should be nine of them total. The padded envelope contains the information that you need to get to Baron Davenport as soon as possible; it will showcase your claim to your hereditary place in Muggle Society. Harry dear you have always been important but there are muggles that will depend on you to take care of them. Potter Manor needs to be maintained at all costs. Harry remember that those people will depend on you to fulfill obligations that your father and I didn't have time to fulfill. The velvet

pouch is for the next Lady Potter. The necklace should be given to her after the discussions with her parents. Stay with Traditions. Love you Mum." Harry read the letter to himself before letting Remus and Tonks read it. Hermione tried to read it as well but Remus snatched it from her and placed it back into the trunk.

"Harry are you alright?" Ginny asked wrapping an arm around his stomach.

"No far from it Gin, but I should be better soon. Tonks, would you be able to help me find legal representation?"

"Of course Harry. I'll also get you an escort to Potter Manor. One of those envelopes from your Family vault should have the location and access codes."

"Thanks Tonks. You are a life saver. Now who wants ice cream before we head back to Number 12?" Seeing that Harry needed to leave the bank but did not exactly want to go back to Sirius' house they all agreed to ice cream before journeying home.

Chapter 6

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

Diagon Alley

The sun peaked through the clouds into Diagon Alley and bathed the nearly deserted marketplace in a pale light that reflected the mood of the group that descended the steps from Gringotts.

Taking a deep breath and gathering his thoughts Harry turned to his friends. "While we are here lets get our school shopping done."

"But Harry the school lists haven't come out yet." Hermione pointed out.

"Yes, well..."

"You can always pick up the basics and have the course books delivered by owl mail. You know that you will need Standard Book of Spells Grade Five, a refill for your potions kits, new quills, ink, parchment, owl treats, review books for the OWLS, and the like." Tonks said. The walked down the street and into Flourish and Blotts. The group broke off and each went in search of specific titles that interested them. Harry saw Hermione duck into the school books while he wandered towards the law books. Not paying attention to where he was going he bumped into a girl who was searching for a title. Long strawberry hair was pulled into a high ponytail, a long black cloak swirled around her.

"I'm sorry miss. I did not mean to bump into you. Are you alright?" She turned as he spoke.

"Why if it isn't Harry Potter." Daphne Greengrass smiled while she knelt to pick up her book.

"Hello Daphne. I didn't know that you were heading into town today. How are you?"

"I'm doing well. Picking up a new book to study before the next Wizengamot meeting." She showed him her book. An Heirs Guide to Laws and Intrigue: 427th Edition, by IC Power. "She is a sarcastic writer. This one just came out. She writes about the placement of

certain houses and their power within the Wizengamot. It helps track the changes that take place between the formal yearly sessions."

"Are there anymore? I think that might help me." Harry asked. Daphne pulled the last copy off of the shelf behind her. "Forgive me if I sound a little forward. But do you have plans for this afternoon?" Harry bit the inside of his cheek to keep from sounding pleading.

"Harry are you asking me out?"

"I would like your company while I school shop. Not quite a date but an outing as friends perhaps?"

"That sounds good. What books were you looking for?"

"I need a few on customs and laws so I do not do anything stupid. Would you suggest any?"

"Lady Denissen, the department teacher for most of the Families, gave me a few to read when I was in her classes before first year. Try *The Masks We Wear* by Dis Guise, *Intrigue in the Families* by Imogene Longbottom, *Treading Water: A guide to Wizarding Customs* by Horatio Eratos and Emily Post's *Book of Etiquette*." They walked around the section picking the books off the shelves. Harry saw Hermione at the counter paying for her books. He ushered Daphne over to her.

"Hermione, find what you were looking for?" She nodded not looking up. "This is Lady Daphne of House Greengrass. Daphne this is Hermione Granger." Hermione's head shot up and she looked confused for a second before snapping out of it.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Daphne." Hermione forced a smile, confused over why Harry was talking to the Ice Queen of Slytherin.

"I can say the same Hermione. It's nice to officially meet you."

"Let me pay and we can be going. Hermione where are the others?" Harry placed his stack of books on the counter.

"Around somewhere. They didn't bring their money with them to get supplies." Ron and Ginny were standing outside of the bookstore with Tonks, Remus was heading towards the counter to meet them.

"Are you two ready, they are getting antsy?" Remus motioned over his shoulder to the Weasleys. "Ah, good day Miss Greengrass, how are you today?"

"I'm good Professor Lupin, and yourself?"

"Good." He paused for a minute, taking in the situation. "Are you joining us today?"

"Yes, Harry invited me to wander the alley with you."

"Well then, lets get to wandering." Harry paid for his stack of books and had the clerk shrink them down so that he could carry them in his pocket. The next stop was Magical Menagerie, where everyone checked out and dreamed of the pets they would love to have. Harry saw Daphne fondly stroking the fur of a kitten, as she petted him the kitten purred happily. A hissing voice caught his attention and he wandered into the back of the shop. In a small wire cage was a tiny snake with wings coming from its back.

Hello little one? What is the hissing about?

Speaker! I want out of this cage.

Would you like to come home with me?

I will not be a pet. Even to a Speaker.

How about you be my friend instead. You can roam my property and feast.

I will think about it... if you get me out of this cage.

"How much for this little snake?" Harry asked the shop keeper.

"A galleon and I will throw in some food and the cage. Are you sure that you want that occamy? She's not the most normal pet."

"I will take her, have you already named her?"

"I've been calling her Macha, shes a little demoness." Harry pondered the name for a second.

You like that name?

Love it really. A blood thirsty warrior goddess. Sounds about right.

Harry paid the man and left with his new snake in a covered cage.

Hey Alexian, would it be bad to buy that kitten for Daphne? She seems to really want it?

When is her birthday?

I'm not sure.

Unless you plan on courting her don't buy her presents except for present buying holidays.

That seems reasonable. I bought an occamy.

I saw. She will be valuable to you in the future. You need to pay attention now.

A small owl swooped towards the group and hovered in front of Tonks. She removed the envelope from the owl's leg and read the note before passing it to Remus.

"It appears that our little outing has been reported to Dumbledore and we are required to return home."

"Time to go home then." Ron said, glaring at Daphne, who was standing a few feet from him talking to Hermione about the Runes summer assignment.

"I have a few additional errands that I need to run before I can head back. Remus would you take Hermione, Ron and Ginny home please? Tonks would you stay with me?" Harry asked.

"Of Course Harry." Tonks said with a smile, she nodded to Remus that they would be fine. She shrunk everything that Harry had purchased. Harry thought hard for a second about Hedwig and a few minutes later she winged her way toward him.

"Hey girl, can you take this package home and leave it on my bed. She won't hurt you. I promise." Harry asked his feathered friend before fixing a strap on the occamy's cage so that Hedwig could carry her. Hedwig hooted, grabbed the strap and flew off.

"That's not a good idea. Professor Dumbledore wants us home. We are in enough trouble as it is for leaving without his permission. We, especially you, need to go home right now." Hermione said her face a mask of worry and regret.

"Hermione, I'm not going to argue with you but I'm not going home right now." Harry turned towards Daphne. "It was good seeing you today. I hope to see you again soon, perhaps at the Birthday party that is being thrown for Neville Longbottom and myself."

"We shall see. Let me talk to my parents." With that said she smiled and walked away. Remus dragged everyone through the floo at the Leaky Cauldron while Harry and Tonks walked out into muggle London. Tonks hailed a taxi and the pair set off for her mother's law firm. The taxi stopped in front of a tall, sleek, modern office building. Once inside Tonks led him to an elevator. The buttons went from one to fifteen with thirteen being off to the side. When Harry asked Tonks about it she said the button had a small muggle repelling charm on it. Her mother's law firm took up two floors of the building and the thirteenth floor was the wizarding law section, the muggle half of the law firm was on the fourteenth. The elevator doors opened and the pair was greeted by a tall, dark haired woman with a smile on her face.

"Mum." Tonks hugged her mother. "Harry this is my mother, Andromeda Tonks, Muggle-Wizard Solicitor. Mum this is Harry Potter."

"Its a pleasure to meet you ma'am." Harry said extending his hand.

"Never you mind with that handshake boy, you are basically family," she pulled him in for a hug. "Its nice to see you again Harry. I haven't seen you since you were in nappies." Harry blushed and looked at his shoes. "Now to what do I owe this visit? You haven't gotten yourself into more trouble have you?"

"No Mrs. Tonks, I actually wanted your advice with something. I'm in need of help reclaiming the parts of my inheritance that Headmaster

Dumbledore has hidden from me. I have my parents wills, letters that were written on my behalf giving up guardianship of my god-sister, giving Dumbledore my votes in the Wizengamot among other things. There is also no Kiley Davin registered at Hogwarts, or any of the other larger magic schools in Europe."

"Let's get to my office where we can look over your papers." Andromeda led them through a brightly lit hallway and into her corner office. Once in her office they laid out all of the papers and looked through them. Alex was continually whispering in the back of Harry's head, telling him what was important and what could be overlooked for now. Alex assured Harry multiple times that Andromeda was looking out for his best interests because of his status as Sirius' Godson and thus technically a Black. While Harry was rereading the letter from his father an owl flew in the window and landed on Andromeda's desk. Harry's name was written on the outside of the envelope. Tonks flicked her wand at the envelope and checked it for any monitoring spells or curses, once it was clear she removed it and handed it to Harry, who scanned it quickly.

"It's a summons to the War Orphans Review Board. I am to bring my current Guardian, my parents wills, and all of my personal property in a shrunken trunk. They will be deciding who has guardianship of each Orphan before the day is over." Harry informed the Tonks ladies before folding the summons back up and placing it on the pile of letters.

"Well that is something that needs to be taken care of as soon as possible. When is the interview?" Andromeda asked.

"It's for tomorrow. No doubt someone will attempt to not let me go to the review. The listed penalty is 100 galleons and a non-favorable declaration in guardianship. Orphans that appear will have their opinions taken into consideration since we have at most two years before we are of age."

"We will handle that if it arises. Now, have you gone out to Potter Manor and released the stasis charm on the property?"

"Huh?" Harry looked very confused.

"Potter Manor... your family home... the stasis charm that kept it from falling apart in your absence?"

"Um.. no. I didn't know that there was a manor house... let alone that I needed to go there."

"Nym, take him there before you head back to Grimmauld Place. Sirius should be back there by now. I'll prep stuff for you to take tomorrow and bring it over in the morning."

"Bye Mum see you later."

"Bye Mrs Tonks."

"By dears... oh and Harry, call me Andy when there isn't company around... we are basically family."

"Thanks, Mrs," Harry paused and swallowed at her glare, "Andy. See you in the morning."

Village of Anasirone

5 kilometers from Potter Manor

Tonks apparated them to a small village, named Anasirone, in the moors. There were twenty houses gathered around a small green space that was ringed with shops and churches. Through the trees you could see a large house rising out of the moors. The pair walked towards the manor house, ignoring the people peeking out from behind curtains and around the sides of buildings. A little girl came running at them from the last house on the road, her mother panicked at the door to their house, calling after her.

"Mister, who are you?" She pulled on his sleeve.

"I'm Harry, whats your name?" Harry knelt down to answer her.

"I'm Susie. That's my Mommy. Are you Harry Potter?"

"Yes I am. Why?"

"Mommy said you were not going to be coming home ever... why were you gone so long?"

"I didn't know that I had a home to come back to. Why did your mommy say that I wasn't coming back?"

"The mean old wizard man told her. Can you do magic?"

"Yes." Harry pulled his wand from his pocket and thought for a second. A whispered incantation later he had a small stuffed griffin in his hand. "This is for you Susie. I'll be back in a little while to talk to your Mommy. Run on home." He handed her the stuffed animal before turning to Tonks. "Ready to go. We need to get home before Dumbledore figures out that I didn't bring you straight home. I'm not in the mood to listen to him complain today."

Tonks nodded in stunned silence before continuing onto the house. After a few more minutes of walking they came to a break in the tree lined road. The trees opened up to a large clearing that housed the large dark and depressing Manor, that seemed to be the setting for a horror movie rather than his ancestral home. Engraved into the doors of the house was the great seal of the House Potter, and on either side of the door stood a stone gargoyle, one paw extended as if to swipe at those that came near. Harry placed his hand on the large handle and stilled as the gargoyles roared. His ring warmed to the touch and almost immediately the foreboding atmosphere that had surrounded the manor had disappeared. Tonks stood by silently as the Manor changed before their very eyes, windows gleamed, stones sparkled, the inlays of the seal on the doors shone like they were freshly polished.

A small pop startled them and Tonks and Harry grabbed for their wands, only to find a now terrified house elf standing before them. "Hello, I'm Squeaks, the house elf. Are you Master Potter?"

"Harry, just Harry. Please don't call me Master." Harry said as the small elf began to calm down. "Were you one of my parents' elves? Have you been here this whole time?"

"Squeaks, belong to Mrs, Lily. You new Lady Potter?" Tonks turned bright red from her skin to her hair at the elf's question.

"No Squeaks, she is a Black, like my cousin."

"You Nymmie, Mrs Andy's lil' girl?" the little elf bounced up and down.

"Yes. Please call me Tonks though." The little elf beckoned for them to follow her into the house. They walked into a giant entry hall that spanned the two small porches and isolated them from the rest of the house. Four doors led off of the room they had stepped into. Through one of the doors they walked into a hallway, only to be stopped at a painting of mountains and dragons.

"Master Harry, go through, take the house back." Harry cut his eyes at Tonks who only shrugged at him. "Password is 'a stone's heart'."

"A stone's heart?" The tapestry rolled it self up and Harry walked through the archway into the darkness beyond. Once the tapestry had righted itself and the light from the hallway was gone the tiny passageway was lit with floating candles that hovered below the ceiling. As he walked he thought about what the little elf could have meant when it told him to take the house back. The candle above his head suddenly went out and a dull glow came from the opening in the passage. He slid his wand into his hand and approached the opening slowly. He peeked around the corner into the room beyond and saw nothing. Once his foot cast a shadow over the light on the floor the walls behind him closed and he was slammed into darkness. Harry could feel the room around him shift.

'Alexian, whats going on?' The guide that Harry had begun to rely on was silent. 'Alexian?' Still there was no answer from his guide. 'I'll do this on my own then.' Taking a deep breath he steadied himself and stepped further into the room.

"Help me, save me. Somebody. Please." A small, quiet female voice spoke out of the darkness. Harry's eyes sought out the voice but kept his guard up in order to spot traps. The room around him flared with light and he could see that he was no longer in the pitch black room off of the passage that he had entered. In the far corner he saw a small girl with waist length red hair, tied to a low sofa and blindfolded. He walked closer to her and noticed a small pendant around her neck that bore the Potter Family crest.

"Quiet now little one, I will save you?"

"Who are you... I can't see you." She tossed on the sofa.

"I'm Harrison James, Son of James and Lilith." Harry pulled the blindfold from her eyes and cut her free.

"Please take me home." She whimpered into his shirt. Her face alluded to her being older than he was although he towered over her.

"What is your name little one. I will take you home."

"I am Atena Laurel, Stolen bride of the Warrior Alexian." There was a rumbling behind them and the door slammed open. Three tall broad shouldered men bearing swords rushed into the room and advanced on Harry and the young girl. His eyes roamed the room one more time trying to find things that he could use as weapons. Pulling Atena behind him he faced the advancing trio.

"Gentlemen, I am here to retrieve what is mine."

"She is ours by conquest. Ours by right of kidnapping." The middle one that seemed to be the brains of the operation said while swinging his sword at Harry.

"Be that as it may, Atena will be returning to Anasirone with me." Making a faint movement with his hand brought a large platter of fruit flying towards him. He threw the fruit into the three mens' faces before creating a strap that he could attach to the inside of the platter to turn it into a shield. He crashed the silver shield into one of the mens' faces and grabbed his sword from him. Turning to the other men he prayed that the lessons Alexian had transferred to his brain involved sword fighting or he was going to die, to defend an illusion. The brains of the operation hung back, waiting for Harry to either tire himself out fighting the other man or the other man to kill him. Harry blocked as the other man swung at him temporarily throwing himself off balance. Taking a chance Harry brought his sword down on the back of the mans neck taking him out of the fight. 'Brains' threw himself into the fight and swung at Harry like her was trying to cut him in half. Harry tried blocking but the blade grazed his arm. Switching the silver platter to his other arm and balancing the blade with his left hand Harry swung in an arc and caught 'Brains' in the stomach. 'Brains' dropped to his knees and coughed up blood. Harry backed away from the fight and hooked an arm around Atena Laurel 's waist.

"Let's get you out of here. I'm sorry that you had to see that." Keeping the sword in front of him Harry pulled the girl from the room and then it vanished. The girl, the room, the bodies, the sword it all vanished. He was left in a dim room that had a giant pedestal in the center. On top of the pedestal was a crystal roughly the size of a quaffle. On either side of the crystal was a blue hand print. Something was drawing him to the hand print, unconsciously he placed his hands into the prints. A blue light flared from the crystal in front of him and his hands burned. Harry tried to pull his hands away but they wouldn't budge. Harry watched as black and blue marks climbed up his arms towards his chest and neck, the skin on his back and chest warmed as the marks settled in to one place. When the crystal released him he jumped back and ran down the passageway towards the entrance. Once he was safe in the hallway he let out a breath that he didn't know that he had been holding since the marks had climbed up his arms.

"You alright there Harry?" Tonks walked toward him.

"That was creepy."

"You take house back!" Squeaks jumped around before calming herself. "I call others." Within seconds the small hallway held seven excited house elves. "We are the Potter Elves." They each introduced themselves to Harry and Tonks.

"Dobby." Harry said a little loudly hoping that his friend would hear him. The odd elf appeared in the room behind Harry. The Potter elves immediately took stances that said they thought Dobby was a threat. "He is no enemy. He is a friend." Harry threw his arms out between Dobby and the other elves. The elves stood down and looked at him.

"They are awaiting orders Harry." Tonks elbowed him in the stomach.

"Please continue to do your assigned tasks. Squeaks how secure is this house?"

"Very. No one can enter without your say."

"The Potter Manor has always been unplottable as it is a Lords House. I only knew that it was near Anasirone."

"That's good. Tonks what do you think about moving me here. If its that secure we wouldn't have to be wasting resources keeping me safe because no one would be allowed here that wanted to hurt me. Plus we have a handful of elves that will protect me."

"It would be a good idea. Have to run it by Sirius and Remus first. Then we have to come up with a way to move you here without causing too much of a stir with Dumbledore."

"Why does every decision have to be spun so as not to irritate him? This is my life." Harry asked, pacing the floor.

"I know that but if you suddenly disappear for the last few weeks of summer you will be in for it when the year starts at Hogwarts." Tonks tried to calm him.

"I need to have this house in use. As a member of the Wizengamot I need to be able to host events at the Manor." Harry said.

"What events do you plan on hosting?" Tonks asked with a giggle.

"A birthday party for myself and Neville Longbottom at the least. There may be others but I don't see any for this summer."

"Well..."

"Tonks, we'll talk later."

"Dobby please assist these elves in preparing this house for my birthday party. I like this location better than I do the London house. Please also set up a secure area around the floo, so that when I expect guests they can enter but cannot leave the room until I retrieve them." Dobby nodded and walked over to the other elves. "I would like for all of you to get along. You are my elves. Everyone one of you." Dobby latched onto Harry's left leg and squeezed the life out of it. "Dobby I need that part of my leg."

"Sorry Harry Potter Sir. Sorry." Dobby slowly released Harry's leg.

"Its okay Dobby. Squeaks can you show Dobby around this house. Oh and do you think that one or two of you can help out at my London Residence. Or should I hire more elves for that house?"

"We will be fine." With that Squeaks and Dobby disappeared, quickly followed by the rest of the elves.

"I'm done here."

"Don't you want to explore?"

"Not today. I really want to go see what Dumbledore told the people that live in the village."

"Off we go then." Tonks led Harry back out of the house. As they left the house they passed a pile of stones, one on either side of the road.

"Tonks what do you suppose these are?"

"Not sure." Tonks poked at the pile with her wand for fun. The pile shivered but the stones remained. "They wiggle like pudding." Tonks poked them again.

'Tell that woman to stop poking the gate stones. They are dormant but still pack a punch.' The absent guardian growled, making his presence known.

'Where have you been? What are gate stones?'

'When unfriendly forces attempt to come onto the Potter Lands the gate stones activate. They create a wall around the property that the wards are offensive wards are tied to. If she doesn't stop soon they are going to think that she wants to test them and activate.'

"Tonks. Alexian says not to poke the gate stones before they poke back."

"Harry, who is Alexian?"

"Just the voice in my head Tonks. Nothing to worry about."

"The VOICE IN YOUR HEAD. Didn't you learn anything from Ginny being possessed by You-Know-Who?"

"Tonks, cut it out. I learned plenty when she was possessed. I learned that even the infallible Dumbledore and the dark arts sniffer

Snape couldn't figure out that the poor girl had that evil in her head. I also learned that you have to protect yourself from these things. Dumbledore can and does routinely read people's minds in order to keep an eye on them. But most of all I learned to find out the history of things before touching them. Alexian belongs in this crest." Harry pulled the medallion from under his shirt. "He is the Guardian of my family line. He speaks to me on behalf of all of the Potters that have gone before me."

"No one ever mentioned you had a Guardian to teach you about your family."

"That is because no one knows but you. Sirius and Remus are suspicious. Ron, Hermione and Ginny have all heard the story at the same time that you did. I'm surprised you all didn't piece it together."

"The sudden change in your speech, the random ability to take me out when we first met. How you write and the quality of your work? You've got some voice telling you what to do and say." Tonks questioned.

"Sometimes. At night he gives me information and teaches me. But I'm pretty much rewired to act and think this way until it becomes second nature to me. Then Alexian will just give advice when asked and not guard the things that I say and do."

"That's creepy. Talk to Sirius about it. Maybe he remembers if your dad went through the same stuff." They continued walking for a few minutes. As the pair cleared the tree line and walked back into Anasirone Harry spoke again.

"Why hasn't Sirius talked to me about all of this before. He and dad were best friends, he is my Godfather. He should have been helping me get ready since third year. If not leaving messages for you and your mum to help me when I returned to the wizarding world."

"Remus, Sirius and my Mum think that there was a memory charm placed on many facts involving you and your parents. Just the other day I scanned everyone and am trying to find a way to break a few of the charms without alerting anyone that they have been broken. The more that you find out the more the blocks break on their own."

"Dumbledore is really getting on my last nerve." Harry strode silently toward Little Susie's house. As he approached the house her mother came out onto the porch and curtsied.

"Lord Potter you have returned." She said with a smile. "I am Veronique Glassedge, one of the Village Elders of Anasirone. We have been waiting for you."

"Please, I am just Harry, none of this Lord stuff. I am sorry for keeping you waiting. Elder Glassedge, what was it that the 'mean old man' told you many years ago?"

"Sorry my Lord, but you will always be Lord Potter or Lord Harry. He told us the most horrible of things. That there would never be a Potter in the Keep again." She said sadly.

"Well he was wrong. May I ask why that was taken as a bad thing."

"Because the magic of Anasirone is the magic of the Potter family and the magic of the Potter family is the magic of Anasirone. They feed off of each other. All of the families that live here are tied to the land through the Potter lands. We live and die by the bond between the two. That is why the village is so small and quiet. Without a Potter to renew the bond everyone once and a while the magic slumbers."

"How big was the village?" Harry questioned.

"Another forty or so houses when your parents and grandparents lived in the keep. But those houses were for Nonmagicals and when the wards went back up and the Keep slumbered the Nonmagicals were forced to leave. The wards made them feel uncomfortable until they just left. We've been in danger of being dis-incorporated for 15 years because we became a totally Magical Settlement. Only one of those is allowed in England at a time."

'Arguable. We are above Hadrian's Wall. Technically we are not in the England that the Queen made that rule about. This part has always been separate, in the Magical realm.'

Isn't that why Hogsmeade got its village charter? Because they are above the wall?'

Yes. Now pay attention.

"So me not knowing that I was needed here almost killed off the entire village's magic?"

"In so few words. Yes. A combination of no one of pure Potter blood and your parents not making the necessary sacrifice before they went into hiding in Godric's Hollow. A few more years and then..." Mrs Glassedge trailed off, unwilling to put it into words.

"There is no need to worry about that anymore Mrs Glassedge. I'm back now and plan on making, the Keep did you call it, my permanent home after I leave Hogwarts."

"Yes, Potter Manor has always been referred to as the Keep here in the Moors. Should we be expecting a Lady Potter any time in the near future?" Harry stuttered and blushed. Mrs. Glassedge laughed, behind her hand at the face that he was making.

"Not at the moment ma'am."

"Well you have time. You are young. Just know that you need a strong woman that will uphold the values of the Potter family. Now run along your Harry. I'm quite sure that your old watchdog is up in arms because you are not where ever he placed you."

"I thought all adults hung on every word that came from Dumbledore's lips?"

"Only adults that went to Hogwarts do. The rest of us know that he is an idiot. 'Savior' of the world or not."

"If you didn't go to Hogwarts where did you go?"

"I attended the Dublin School of Magic and then apprenticed under your Grandmother for two years. I was told that my magic, nor my blood was of the caliber of Hogwarts."

"By who?"

"By Dumbledore himself when my parents tried to register me at age nine."

"What was wrong with your blood?"

"Oh, the same thing that runs through your veins runs through mine. Everyone in this village is tied to not only the Potter Lands but also to the Gargoyles. We are distant family. Long ago the Potter Men would take bed-mates from the villagers but marry outside of the village to bring new gifts to the family line. More than a few of the families here are second or third Potter lines. We are one giant Clan, tied together by blood and history."

"Then why was my dad and I allowed into Hogwarts?"

"Who would deny the Lord of Potter anything. Members of the Wizengamot for generation upon generation."

"I never asked for special treatment."

"You never have to ask My Lord... we will give it to you anyways. Now you need to run along Lord Potter. Can I tell the rest of the Elders that you will be returning soon to meet with them about the future of the Clan that live here?"

"I will be back before the term at Hogwarts begins. I promise you that. You can tell them that I will take care of my 'family' no matter how distant." Alexian was speaking rapidly into Harry's ear trying to stifle his anger. Harry turned to Tonks and had her apperate them back to Grimmauld place.

Chapter 7

Grimmauld Place, Kitchen

Molly sat in the kitchen of Grimmauld place planning out dinner and waiting for the children to arrive back from Diagon Alley. The fire flared before turning green and Dumbledore's head poked through the coals.

"Molly are you in here?" He asked, knowing full well that she was there.

"Of course Professor. How can I help you?" Molly dusted off her hands on her apron and turned towards the hearth.

"Can I come through please? I would like to talk to you about something of great importance."

"Of course Professor." She backed away from the fire, placed another pot of water on the stove for tea and waited for Dumbledore to arrive. Within minutes he was seated across the table from her with a steaming cup of tea in front of him. "What did you want to talk about Professor?"

"I'm worried about Harry, Molly. There seems to be something the matter with him. It is almost as if he is being possessed."

"Could there be something left over in his head from the tournament?" Molly questioned with fear in her eyes.

"I am not sure. No one really knows what happened in that graveyard besides Harry. Who is to say that he told us all a story to make us believe in him?"

"You aren't saying that he could have killed Cedric?" Molly asked stunned.

"He hasn't shown any remorse for his death. Has he talked about it with anyone? Does he look depressed about it?"

"Not that I know of. What did he say to you when you talked to him about Cedric's death?"

"Nothing at all. It was as if he did not care." Albus' eyes glittered and he looked Mrs. Weasley straight in the eyes. Her face tightened with resolve before she spoke.

"I'll keep an eye on him Albus. Never you fear."

"Do you think your children could help. He would guard himself around the adults. But he is very open with his friends. He would tell them anything if they asked."

"Of course. That is a great idea. I'm sure the kids would not mind."

"I will reward them handsomely. Anything that their hearts desired. Nothing is outside of reason." He smiled at her. "We can't have Harry becoming another Dark Lord. The Wizarding World would not be able to handle that."

"Of course not Headmaster. I will firecall you with any information."

"You are most vigilant Molly. I assure you that you will be rewarded for your information." Albus smiled benignly, finished his tea and left the townhouse for Hogwarts.

Upon arriving in his office he looked at the silver trinkets that monitored Harry for the first time in days. Two were dull, no shine, no noise, no magic left in them. He walked closer to the case to figure out which two were malfunctioning. A small silver house with a tiny yard and tree that had until recently hummed a tune, sparkled of fresh silver polish, and allowed him to see the status of all of the members of the Dursley Household was tarnished and pitted. It made no noise and the litany of spells on the piece and the house it mirrored were gone. Albus threw it to the floor and watched it shatter into pieces, the magic having made the silver fragile. The second dim trinket was an apple tree that stood a foot tall. Thousands of individual leaves lined the branches and apples fashioned from rubies, emeralds and amber hung delicately from it. Each apple was a secret and each leaf a person that had been bespelled to forget. He reached out to touch it and the the apples and leaves began to fall, within seconds the tree was almost bare, a few apples and leaves hung steadfast but the rest were a pile of dull rocks and silver on the shelf below. Albus roared in anger to his empty office, while scooping the apples to him in order to see which secrets were discovered.

Ministry of Magic

Office of the War Orphans Board

Harry sat in a small door-less room inside of the Ministry, or at least the room appeared to be door-less. He knew that there were two doors leading from the room, the door that they had been brought in through and the door that he supposed led to the room where the hearings would be. There were fourteen other teens in the room. They had been told that there were over twenty more that had their real families vouch for them and had been removed from the hearings. Under each teen was a trunk that supposedly contained all of their belongings. Harry's trunk was half empty, most of his stuff was still in his room in Grimmauld Place, whether or not Dumbledore got involved he would be back there tonight, so there was no point in bringing his stuff. High backed, hardwood chairs lined the walls of the room, there was nothing to do but stare at each other while they were waiting.

Harry studied the other people that were trapped in the little room with him. There were eight boys, excluding himself, and six girls. A tiny girl and boy, twins, with bright red hair and dark green eyes, sat in a corner, arms tightly around each other, as if to keep themselves from being separated. The rest of the boys were grouped together discussing the last quidditch game and the prospects for the World Cup that was being held in France.

When his eyes turned towards the remaining girls in the room he couldn't have been more surprised by their differences. Seated closest to him, with her high heeled feet propped up on her trunk was a stunning blonde, her hair framing her face in waves, her steel gray eyes were haughty and she was looking down her nose at the people around her. In a corner sat girl with long mahogany hair and bright blue eyes, she was pretending to read a book while studying the people around her. She caught Harry's eyes and smiled before turning back to her book. The other three girls were obviously friends, sitting together in a group with matching silver bands holding their hair out of their faces. Harry caught bits and pieces of their discussion but it was all gibberish to him and the giggling that they erupted in randomly was giving him a headache. The girl with the mahogany hair had caught his attention and rolled her eyes and snorted at them. Harry laughed quietly as he turned away from them.

A door appeared in the wall and a tall, gangly young man appeared. He looked around the room.

"Would anyone like to volunteer to go first?" He asked, to astounding silence.

"I will. If no one else would like to go." Harry stood, eying the other people in the room, no one moved. Harry was unsure if they were just nervous or if it was because he had spoken up. Through the partially open door he heard hushed arguing. A familiar voice was angrily talking about his living arrangements and how that they were best for him. Harry smiled to himself at the huge fight that was about to happen.

"Come with me please then." Harry followed the man through the door. There were two small tables facing one large raised one with nine people sitting there. He looked around the room at the faces seeing hope and kindness written on most of the them. The only one that held any other emotion was Dumbledore, who was sitting along the wall. The woman sitting at the center of the board appeared to be in her mid forties with ash brown hair and orange eyes.

"Mister Potter, I am Gloria Asington, the Director of Child Services. I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Of course, I shall try my hardest to answer them."

"That is all that we ask of you." She looked towards the gangly man again. "Now, as far as this board knows you were orphaned on October 31 when your parents were murdered by He-who-must-not-be-named. Upon review of the records in Child Services there were four house visits a year, three interviews with your family and a health check from the children's ward at Saint Mungos. Are these true statements?"

"No Ma'am. There were no house visits, my relatives are completely against magic and I've never been to Saint Mungos."

"Are you quite sure Mister Potter? These are a lot of records to fake?" The gentleman that spoke pointed to a stack of papers in the middle of the table.

"I understand that sir. But I can guarantee you that any magical people that would have come to the Dursley's house would have been met with great hostility and threats of death and dismemberment."

"Let's mark that as something to look into in a bit. Let us proceed with the questions." An old woman said from her seat at the far left of the table.

"Do you know why you were placed at the Dursley's and how you came to be there?"

"Yes, I was placed there on the assumption that my Aunt's blood would protect me due to my Mother's sacrifice would continue to protect me. I was placed there by Albus Dumbledore with a note telling them what was going on. There is fault in that though. My mum was not the only one to die for her children, my Aunt and my Mother are not blood related and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named stole my blood not more than a month ago in order to rise again."

"Mister Potter, you will not tell lies in this courtroom!" The angry toad woman yelled from her seat near the back. Harry wondered briefly how she had gotten into the room. He was certain that she had nothing to do with the Department of Families."

"Madame Umbridge, I am not telling lies. I have the memory and the scar to prove it."

"More lies."

"We shall discuss that at a later date. Madame Umbridge Harry has already shown the full Wizengamot the memory and we had declared He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's return. Now, shouldn't you be back in your office. The Department of Families does not fall under your jurisdiction." Madame Umbridge huffed and left the room.

"Now. What were they like?"

"The Dursleys were strict. They were the 'perfect' muggle family. One child, mother did not work, father worked in an office. Quite boring actually. They were very concerned with how people viewed them. They believed that anything and everything out of the ordinary was unnatural and 'freaky'. Most of the time this included me."

"Tell us how you lived."

"I was given a mat in the cupboard under the stairs that was my room. I had a change of clothes and a ragged blanket and that was it. I was expected to complete all of my chores in order to be able to eat that day. "

"And what were these chores?"

"I cooked all of the meals, packed lunches for whoever would not be home for a meal, washed the dishes, dust, mop, straighten everything, laundry, weed the gardens, maintain the yard, sweep and general maintenance of their house."

"Walk us through a normal day."

"I had to be up at five every morning to cook breakfast and pack lunches for my cousin and uncle. Breakfast was served at seven. Uncle then gave me my list of chores for the day and I was left to wash the dishes. Normally, I would sneak the leftovers off of their plates as breakfast. During the school year I would walk to school while my cousin was driven by my Uncle. In the summer I worked on my chores, while my cousin was out playing, until my Aunt decided what she wanted for lunch, then I prepared that. I would spend the afternoon on chores, going to the market for food and school work. I would cook dinner and if my chores had been accomplished I was allowed to prepare a small portion for myself. After dinner I finished cleaning, served dessert in the sitting room and disappeared unless they called on me."

"What were your friends in Surrey like?"

"I did not have any friends in Surrey. My Aunt and Uncle spread nasty rumors that I was a horribly deranged criminal that should be avoided at all cost and my cousin beat up any children that tried to befriend me." The questions continued for more than half an hour, going over every minor detail of his home life and his Hogwarts life. They asked about the adults in his life and the families in his parents' wills. When they asked him about adults that he would like to take temporary guardianship of him he named the family Tonks as Sirius nor Remus could take him.

"Were you ever told about magic?"

"No. Anytime I mentioned or did accidental magic or anything out of the ordinary happened they would become extremely upset and abusive."

"What did they tell you about your parent's untimely demise?"

"That my mother and father were drunks and drug users that lived off of government support, did nothing but be a drain on society and that they killed themselves in an automobile accident where they were driving while intoxicated."

"Would you like to remain in their care?"

"No. I have never considered them my family. I have always prayed that someone would be able to come and get me. That someone really loved me. I have finally seen my parents wills, have taken on the mantle of Lord and would like to invoke my right to determine my own living arrangements." The board placed a privacy bubble around themselves for several minutes to discuss his case. When the bubble was dispelled Mrs. Asington stood to give him their final decision.

"This board has decided that the minor Lord, Harry James Potter will be given into the guardianship of the Family Tonks, a minor family of House Black. The minor Lord is able to retain his seat in the Wizengamot, vote as he chooses in accordance to the Potter Directive and carry out the directives in the will. The Minor Lord will also be given custody of Kiley Davin, should she be found."

"Thank you kind sirs and madames." Harry stood and bowed to those on the board before turning and leaving the room.

"Mister Potter, would you please stay in here. If one of those girls is Kiley you will need to be present in order to state your claim to custody."

"Thank you Lady Bones." Harry smiled at her before taking a seat along the back wall. He listened carefully as the other teens were brought in one at a time. They went through mostly the same questions and most of the teens were back with the families that they had arrived at, although they were all informed that they would

be needing to spend the next year or so at Hogwarts in order to be monitored by a representative of the Department of Families.

The last person to come through was the blue eyed witch that had made Harry laugh earlier. Harry listened as she answered the questions they asked her. There was something about her that kept telling Harry that he should protect her. Having the same name as his god-sister could just be a coincidence. There were bound to be many more Kiley's out there. This girl was Kiley Davidson, a muggleborn from London. She attended an all girls private boarding school in the heart of London.

'Look at her finger. I knew it.' Harry's eyes shot down to her hands and he spotted a ring on her right hand that made his heart jump. It was a crest that matched the ring he wore on his right hand. The ring that his parents had told him was tied to Kiley's life force.

"May I address the minor?" Harry asked, feeling utterly ridiculous for saying that when he himself was a minor. Mrs Asington nodded. "Kiley, the ring you wear on your right hand, how long have you had it?"

"My adoptive parents told me that it was the only thing that was with me when they adopted me from the orphanage, they said that it was my Mother's."

"I humbly submit to the council that, that ring is my God-sister and charge's ring. It is tied to this ring that I now wear so that I could keep watch over her. I submit that this is Kiley Davin."

'Claim Patre Familias over her. No one can deny you.'

"Further more I claim the power of patre familias over her. She is to be my charge and under my guidance until such a time as I deem her ready to be married." The council debated amongst themselves for a moment and then Harry won out. He was given custody of Kiley and they were swept from the room by the Tonks and Remus.

"Kiley, I know that this isn't the easiest time to meet but would you like to move into the house that we were supposed to be raised in?" Harry asked as they were led from the room.

"Would you mind?" Kiley said with half a smile. "I can't wrap my head around why I was placed with that family and not with anyone from the wills."

"It's all Dumbledore. He has something up his sleeve. I'm not quite sure what but it can't be good." Harry said, putting his arm around his godsister.

"How long have you known about me?" Kiley asked.

"About a week, maybe two."

"Really." She said amazed. "I've known about you my whole life. I mean, everyone knows about Harry Potter. I can't fathom that we are godsiblings." Tonks and Remus stood from where they had been waiting and joined the pair as they walked down the hallway.

"Ready to head home?" Harry nodded and looked to Kiley. She flushed and looked down at her shoes. "Well, let's go then." Remus took Kiley's trunk and the four left the Ministry through the doorway to Muggle London. They walked slowly towards the station where they would take the train back to Grimmauld place.

Once they had arrived at Grimmauld place they walked into the small park across the street. Remus handed Kiley one of the scraps of paper that had been altered.

"Kiley, welcome to my Godfather's place. We will be here for a while. I'm not sure when I want to move back into Potter Manor now that it is open."

"Why can't we just go there now?"

"It's not ready yet. The elves are working on a few things." Kiley nodded in understanding. "Now think about the address on the paper and let's go inside." Her brow wrinkled as she thought hard about the scrap of paper. They heard the pops, groans and squeaks as number eleven and number thirteen moved away from each other and number twelve appeared in the gap. The group walked up the stairs and into the house. There were muffled whispers from behind the curtains covering Mrs. Black's painting.

"Why don't you two take Kiley's stuff up the stairs and unpack." They nodded and Harry led Kiley up the stairs to the floor that the kids shared. A new door was on the hallway next to the one for Harry's room. Written on the plaque in the middle of the door it read Kiley. The elves must have been working overtime to get a room ready for her in such a short amount of time. Harry and Kiley retired to their rooms to think about the events of the day and gather themselves. Harry entered his room to find a stack of letters waiting on his desk.

Dear Lord Potter

Thank you for your recent missive, I am doing well. You are quite welcome and you are invited to our home anytime.

As for the tutor, most of the young nobles use either Mistress Harkness or Lady Denissen as a deportment and etiquette teacher. They are both reachable via owl post, they also make the habit of coming to their students, not their students to them.

On the occasion of young Neville's birthday, he would be honored to have you host a joint party for the both of you. Will you be reopening Potter Manor for the party?

I offer the services of my houseelves should you need to prepare the Manor.

I look forward to seeing you again in the near future, perhaps dinner, this Saturday? Your guardian is of course invited as well.

Sincerely,

Lady Longbottom, Regent of House Longbottom

Dear Lord Potter

The past is all but forgotten. Thank you for your apologies. Due to recent revelations it is understandable. My Father would also have me to request a meeting prior to school beginning, on neutral ground of course. He has a business deal to discuss with you. Know that you are forgiven.

I look forward to seeing you this coming term.

Always,

Pavarti Patil

Dear Mister Potter

You are quite welcome. We stand on neither the light nor the dark and since the 'light' seemed to bowl you over Father felt that he should help you.

Thank you for the compliment. Have you been this dashing and debonair since first year and I was too blind to see it? Father would like to invite you for tea. What classes are you taking this year? I am contemplating switching out of Care of Magical Creatures and into Muggle Studies. Father thinks that it will be enlightening for me. May I ask how living as a muggle was, without sounding forward? I hope that I get to see you again so. I liked bumping in to you today.

Always,

Daphne of House Greengrass

Dear Lord Potter,

You are a most appreciative dinner guest. You are welcome and I shall have to invite you over again soon. I just received the copy of your parents' wills and letters to you. I dare say the original wills and sealed letters should be enough to question his original trial documents. I will bring them with me to work in the morning.

Have a great day,

Lady Bones

As he read those letters he began to think of what he needed to say to his Uncle Lord Davenport. He sat down and wrote out some ideas on a sheet of notebook paper.

To whom it may concern:

I know that this is an odd letter to be receiving. I have reason to believe that you are my only living relatives. Thirteen years ago my parents were brutally murdered. Recently, I discovered my Mother's

diary and will. Her will contained a letter to you Baron Davenport. My Mother's maiden name was Lilith Angelic Juliana Seneson of House Davenport. I am not looking for handouts , for my Father's legacy has left me comfortable. I am looking for a family, that is all. If you would like to respond or meet with me I am living in London til September when I return to the boarding school that my Mother attended.

Temporarily satisfied with what he had written he went back the last letter in the stack. It was from Neville.

Dear Harry,

I am great. My grandmother has done nothing but rave about you since

you left. An unkept garden at your guardian's sounds like a summer project I cannot pass up. Perhaps I can come over tomorrow ans we can begin. We can speak frankly then. Owl me back or firecall with an appropriate time.

Sincerely,

Neville

"Hey Harry. Can we talk?" Sirius stuck his head through the door without knocking.

"Sure." Harry placed the letter back with the rest in the stack and turned towards his godfather. The more he thought about the events of the recents days the more angry he got at his godfather. There was so much information that he should have known for a long time. He understood that Sirius had been in prison but so many other people could have gone ahead and told him. When Remus had questioned the letter from his mum he had started to feel like he wasn't the only one that secrets were being kept from.

"I've been talking to Andy and Tonks."

"Sirius you have to know that I .."

"I know that you chose them because I'm not in the clear yet. We've been talking about some odd facts,"

"What odd facts?"

"The ones where none of us remembered anything about your parents' deaths, lives or wills until after you had been told in court. Part of Tonks' job with the Aurors is to check people for memory charms. She told me that she has been seeing the tell tale signs of memory charms on most of the people in this house. We asked her if she could break them. She was able to get a hold of a friend from Saint Mungos that is willing to sit down with us and remove the memory charms that we think are on us. It has to be done quickly and quietly."

"When and where can we do this? I have a feeling that Dumbledore will find out soon and ruin our plans."

"She should be here in an hour." Sirius said. "How was your Meeting with the War Orphans Board?"

"Good. Kiley is next door getting settled in. She has been living with the Davidson family in Kent this whole time. It seems that she 'magically' ended up in a muggle orphanage."

"Let us have her memories returned. Is she doing okay?"

"Yes. For the most part at least. We are only staying here for a little while. I am needed at the house in Anasirone."

"You've been there? Your father and mother always wanted to go back there to hide during the war but Dumbledore suggested that they stay visibly in the fight."

"Why would he want new parents to stay in the war? Why did they listen to him? He wouldn't have been even able to find them if they had gone home." Harry yelled. Slamming his hands against his desk.

"I don't know Harry. Maybe this friend of Tonks' will help us understand."

"I sure hope so."

An hour later a very angry mind healer from St. Mungos was packing her bags. She had handed each of them a list of spells that

had been placed on them. The spells included memory charms, blocks on his magical core and spells to alter him as a person. Harry's list was by far the longest. Tonks walked her friend out of the house while the others sat and digested what had happened. Even Kiley's mind and core had been layered with spellwork.

Andromeda had firmly latched on to Sirius' arm in order to keep him from going after Dumbledore. But, instead of tearing after the meddling old goat Sirius did something decisive. "I, Sirius Orion Black, do hereby reverse the Matriarch's will involving the decision to expell Andromeda and Nymphadora Tonks from the family Black." A green wisp of smoke raced into the room and surrounded Andromeda.

Kitchen of Grimmauld Place

Earlier that Afternoon

"Kids, I have gathered you in here because I have something that I need to talk to you about." Molly Weasley had gathered her children in the basement kitchen.

"What is it Mum?" Ginny questioned.

"I have been speaking with Headmaster Dumbledore and he seems to think that something is wrong with Harry. He seems darker and more withdrawn. Headmaster Dumbledore has asked me to have you three tell me if there is anything going on with Harry that he should know about."

"Why can't Dumbledore just talk to Harry?" Ginny questioned.

"Because he feels that Harry will more readily tell you three things that he won't talk to us adults about."

"Hush Ginny. If we do it is there anything in it for us?" Ron asked, a glint in his eyes that scared Ginny.

"Dumbledore said that you would be rewarded handsomely for helping prevent the rise of a new dark lord."

"Dumbledore thinks that Harry will be a dark lord! That is ridiculous!" Molly's back seemed to straighten and her eyes hardened while she stared down her youngest child.

"Ginevra Molly Weasley. The Family has decided that we will follow Headmaster Dumbledore's decisions on all things. He believes that Harry also killed Cedric at the end of the Triwizard. You will report to me everything that goes on in this house. Whether it be Harry, Sirius, Remus, Tonks or anyone else." Molly ordered. Both Ron and Ginny's eyes became hazy before they nodded and their eyes cleared. She had spoken as Matriarch, an undeniable order that they could neither tell someone of nor could they go against it. The only way to break or override her orders was through the Patriarch, Mister Weasley could override anything she said.

"Anything to help stop a dark wizard. Right Ron?"

"Of course Ginny. Anything."

"I need you to convince Hermione to help you."

"We will try." Ron said. "What will our rewards be?"

"You will have to talk to Dumbledore about that. He said it would be fitting and well deserved."

Chapter 8

Council Chambers, Anasirone

"Good morning Madame Glassedge." Harry said as little Susie showed him to where her mother was. Mrs. Glassedge sat in the kitchen creating snacks for the council meeting that would be happening in an hour.

"Morning Lord Potter."

"Please Mrs. Glassedge, while no one else is around; please leave off the Lord stuff. Call me Harry."

"I'll think about it my Lord." She said with a sly smile. "Are you ready for this?"

"I think I am. I just want everyone on the council to know that my lack of involvement was not my fault."

"There are a lot of people that will be skeptical of you for a bit. You've been seen as that man's puppet for so long. He hurt so many with his words that were 'on your behalf'."

"A situation I plan on rectifying tonight." Harry said and then frowned.

'Alex how often do you speak for me?'

'Once in a while. Just when I think that you need to say something a certain way.'

'I'm not sure that you talking for me sits well with me. But we'll talk about that later.'

"Let me tell you about this village." She poured two cups of steaming liquid, one of tea and one with something else. "Anasirone is a different village than one you might come across anywhere else in the European Magical World. Your family helped us grow that way. We started as a smallish fiefdom. Then while your families influence grew and their lands expanded so did the village. Creatures, halfbloods, mixed bloods and children of all species sought out safe haven within your ancestors' walls. Generations ago there was a pact made with the gargoyles for protection. Have you noticed

around town that there is at least a gargoyle on every building in the village? They keep watch. Not only over the village itself but of their offspring. Some of the people here in town are closer to the gargoyles than you would think."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that some of us are halflings. Oh, company is coming in." Harry's head shot around as Mrs. Glassedge looked towards the door. There was a knock and Susie ran towards the door. She welcomed twelve people into the house and showed them into the living room. Mrs. Glassedge gathered up the snacks and tea that she had prepared.

"Let me help you."

"Lord Potter think about what you are doing. You are going to meet with the council of your vassals. Do you really want to be seen carrying food to them?"

"Yes, I believe that I do. I am their liege lord. It's my job now to provide for everyone in the village. Why not start now." Mrs Glassedge smiled at Harry's statement. She led him into the living room where twelve people met them, six men and six women.

"Lord Potter, what is your stance on halflings?" A gruff man asked. He was slapped on the arm by the woman sitting next to him. "Don't smack me Aurena we need to know. He's been raised by that man."

"I see nothing wrong with halflings. One cannot choose to whom they were born." Harry answered.

"Have you ever met a halfling?" A lady with long blood red hair asked.

"I believe that I am standing in the room with more than one right now. I am friends with elves and werewolves alike. There is no reason for me to treat anyone different."

"You've grown up in that type of influence. We've faced it our whole lives. We just want to know if our liege lord will stand for us or against us." An elderly gentlemen asked.

"If you will have me I will stand for you. People should be judged on their actions not their status or name."

"That's good to hear Lord Potter." Mrs Glassedge said. "There is something that we will require of you."

"What would that be?"

"A vow. An unbreakable vow that you will reside here in the keep. That you will stand for your people. That you will be our true liege lord."

'Do it Harry, the vow will only strengthen their support of you. They will speak the words to the vow, you just add in what lies on your heart."

"Who will take the vow?" Harry looked at the group gathered before him.

"I will." Mrs. Glassedge stepped forward. She held a wand that Harry hadn't seen before in her left hand and held out her right. "Will you Harrison Potter commit to be the liege lord of Anasirone? Do you swear to uphold the title of Liege Lord, to safeguard us against all harm, to stand for us against opposition, to provide for our defense and welfare in times of need and to further our interests both political and economical?" Harry grabbed her right hand and held his wand with his left.

"I so swear shelter and food in times of need, defense and safety in times of war, education and understanding for all who dwell within the lands. I swear to work towards erasing all doubt and misinformation that the world has about those that dwell here. I swear to reside within these lands as your Lord for the entirety of my lifetime. I swear that I will not abandon the keep, nor neglect my responsibilities. I swear this upon my life, blood and magic. May I suffer great pains equal to the vows I break. So mote it be." Harry let Alex speak through him so that he didn't trip over the words of the vow.

"So mote it be." Mrs. Glassedge said with a small smile. Their wands glowed a bright blue at the vow and lit up the room.

"Well, now that the nastiness is out of the way we can continue on with our meeting." The meeting continued for an hour, they informed Harry about the history of the town and the people that lived there. They spoke of how the town had rapidly diminished after Dumbledore had declared that Harry would not return. While the council talked Harry took notes so that he could speak to his lawyers more. As they continued their meeting Harry became more and more angered at the things that Dumbledore had done and said in his name.

"I have two additional statements to make before we adjourn for the day. I would like to inform everyone that I will be using human, non-human and halfling help in the Keep. Please pass onto the villagers that I will be hiring citizens of Anasirone before I bring in outsiders, but I will only hire those that are best for the positions that I will have open. I'm sure more positions will open once the Keep is a functioning home but for right now it is just Lady Davin and myself." There was uproar, whispers that turned to harsh words and words that turned to shouts.

"You've found her?"

"She's alive?"

"We've been so worried."

"Is she okay?" Harry heard a chorus of voices around him and could barely make out what was being said.

"She is alive and well. Dumbledore placed her in an orphanage under the name of Davidson. We were reunited just a few days ago. The both of us will be moving into the Keep as soon as we arrange for the supervision of a chaperone."

"So she will be Lady of the Keep?"

"Yes, until there is a Lady Potter – in waiting."

"Should we be expecting one?" The lady with the long blood red hair asked. She cocked an eyebrow with concern.

"Ummm." Harry stuttered and turned tomato red.

"Veronique, leave the poor boy alone. He's too young to be thinking about having a fiancé."

"I have an announcement." Harry stood. "I will be hosting a joint fifteenth birthday event for Neville, Lord of House Longbottom and myself on the 31st of July." The ladies tittered away, beginning plans. "I want to showcase the people of Anasirone as well as the advantages of living in our mixed community. I was thinking as muggle as possible without losing the magic." They discussed how he would be hiring people for a few minutes longer before adjourning. Little Susie walked him to the door, where he turned a pebble into a flower. Harry ventured into town, walking towards the village green. Near the green he found Remus enjoying a cup of coffee and a newspaper in a small cafe.

"Ready to go Professor?"

"Of course Harry. Let's get back to Padfoot's." The pair apparated back to the park across from Grimmauld Place.

Grimmauld Place

3:30 pm, second floor

Albus Dumbledore met Harry and Remus inside of the door to Grimmauld Place. His eyes twinkled madly, as if he could dazzle Harry into obeying him by sparkly eyes alone. He placed a wrinkly old hand on Harry's shoulder and tried to steer him into the dining room.

"Harry, my boy, we must speak."

"I'm sorry Headmaster, I have many things that I need to accomplish today and do not have time to speak to you. I'm sure my schedule for tomorrow is clearer if you would like to speak then." Dumbledore sputtered at being dismissed, Harry ducked under his arm and walked up the staircase. Dumbledore followed him, walking heavily, as if the old man was stomping, up the stairs. Everyone that was in the house could now hear them and ventured into the hallway to blatantly listen in on the argument.

"Mister Potter. I wanted to inform you that you will be returning to your relatives this evening. We feel that it would be safer for you to

be there until school starts." Dumbledore started, as he fingered the wand in the holster on his hip.

"No." Harry cut him off. "I will never return to that house. I am of no blood relation to that infernal whale and that insufferable giraffe." A pale gold light filled the room and Dumbledore's eyes darken in anger.

"You self centered brat. Do you not know what you did? All of our hard work in keeping you safe. We will have to find alternative residence for you for the rest of the summer."

"He can stay with us at the Burrow Headmaster. Our family was planning on returning home soon." Mrs Weasley spoke up, her eyes had an odd glint to them that Harry barely caught before it was gone. "It will be plenty safe for him."

"I think the Burrow will be a great idea." the Headmaster smiled, his eyes twinkled and he patted Harry on the arm. "There would have to be rules though. We must ensure your safety at all costs."

"What kind of rules Headmaster?" Sirius asked as he stepped out onto the landing.

"Just some safety issues. I'm afraid that only the Weasleys, Harry and myself will be allowed at the Burrow. Miss Davin and Miss Granger will remain here in your care. No one will be coming or going from the Burrow, save Mister Weasley for work. Of course the wards will need to be strengthened and changed. Can't have any owls getting to you with portkeys or what not attached."

"Headmaster, let me get this straight... so a house, whose address was published in the Daily Prophet a year ago, where everyone expects me to be 'hiding' would be a better place for me to be than here under the Fidelius at my Godfather's house?"

"Most defiantly. Too many people know about this place. I am inclined to believe that the Black Sisters may figure out how to return here and then your safety would not be assured."

"Why are you cutting me off from my friends again Headmaster?"

"I'm not cutting you off. You will have the Weasleys all there and you will see Miss Granger for your birthday."

"What about Kiley. She is my responsibility." Harry argued.

"You are just a boy. You have no need to be responsible for the girl. If she can't stay here with Sirius I'm sure that her foster parents would gladly take her back." Harry saw Kiley's back stiffen and her eyes go wide with shock over that statement. Her foster parents were not the nicest of people; they only took in magical orphans for the money and the help around the house.

"I'm sorry to reject your offer Mrs Weasley but I am inclined to return to my family home with a few people to ensure my safety."

"Then you are going to return to the house on Privet Drive. Good choice my boy. I see you are acting like an adult." Dumbledore nodded towards Molly, who dragged her children out of the hallway and back to packing their belongings.

"No Headmaster. I am moving to the Keep. Anasirone will have their Lord and their lifemagic back. Remus will accompany us as a chaperone."

"That is unacceptable Harry. You will either go to the Burrow or you will go to your relatives. No other choices."

"I'm sorry that is unacceptable in your eyes Headmaster. I have been deemed capable of making my own way in life. The Wizengamot believes that I can make my own decisions and therefore I am making this one. Dobby. Winky." Harry called over his shoulder, seconds later the elves in question appeared. "The household will be moving to the Keep. Please gather all of the Potter and Davin property and have it moved to the Keep. Assist Remus if he requires it." the elves nodded and disappeared. Dumbledore glared at Harry as he turned to Kiley. "Kiley, please watch over the packing of our belongings. We will not be back here for quite sometime. Anything you would like to say Headmaster?"

"You can't do this Harry. You must remain where we can protect you."

"My people will protect me. From any and all that seek to harm me."
Dobby appeared in front of Dumbledore with a crack. He wiggled his fingers at the old wizard and a few trinkets and keys appeared in Dobby's hands. The keys to his vaults, jewelry, and talismans were visible. Harry was stunned that Dumbledore would have his property on him. Shaking his head Harry motioned for Dobby to leave and turned to head up the staircase to his room. He passed the Weasleys on the stairs. Molly was taking the children back to the Burrow. If Harry was not going to be there, there was no point for her family to remain in Grimmauld Place. Sirius followed Harry into his room.

"Harry why are you fighting with Dumbeldore."

"Why wouldn't I Sirius. I won't have him telling me what to do anymore. He makes his decisions and then expects people to abide by them."

"I know that. But you can't be against him in public. He is Albus Dumbledore, Supreme Mugwump of the ICW, he is not a man to be trifled with."

"Well, I don't care. I'm not going to let him tell me what to do anymore. Sirius, he has you cooped up in this house like you are still in jail. It's not right. Sirius, he shouldn't have that kind of power."

"There isn't much that we can do. You were also very snippy with Mrs Weasley. You shouldn't instigate a problem with their family. Harry they are some of the closest friends that you have."

"I don't plan on instigating things with them. I just want to be able to make my own decisions."

"I understand."

"Sirius, Dumbledore's going to turn people against me. I have this feeling that he is going to try something bad. I need to tell you something."

"What Harry?"

"I think I need you to talk to Mr. Weasley on my behalf. Over the last few days I've been reading up on life debts."

"Why would you do that?" Sirius asked. "Life debts are really heavy stuff."

"Because I am sure that I have at least two if not more."

"Who are you talking about Harry? This is serious."

"I saved Hermione from a troll in our first year; she would have been smashed to bits."

"Okay that probably counts as one. What would the second one be for?"

"Ginny Weasley was almost murdered by Tom Riddle's memory in my second year." Sirius nodded, deep in thought.

"Harry has anyone ever talked to the three of you about this? I mean you only have a few more years to figure out what is going to count as payment for the debts."

"What do you mean? Nothing in my reading said anything about payment."

"Before you reach your last year of Hogwarts you need to have written up a contract for repayment."

"What type of repayment would be demanded?" Harry asked.

"It would depend on you and the girls. Old ones would require them to become chattel. You can decide anything. You can leave it at that they will repay you in kind."

"Chattel?"

"You are a liege Lord. They would take rooms at the Keep and you would have access to them, for any reason you decided."

"I don't think that that would be appropriate."

"I thought that you would say that." For the next half hour they discussed what they could do to discuss this with the girls and their parents. Dobby and Winky appeared in the room and startled both of

them out of their conversation. They informed Harry that everything was already at the Keep and they were ready to leave whenever Harry was. Kiley knocked on the door and said that she was ready as well.

"Are you sure you need to leave here?" Sirius asked.

"Yep. Its time for me to be me. Remus will watch over me and Kiley."

"Who are you going to talk to for a female chaperone?"

"I'm thinking about asking Tonks. She's still living at her parents' house."

"When you announce that you have chosen a chaperone you need to only say that it will be Tonks. People will be leary about you having a werewolf as a chaperone."

"I don't agree with that but I had already come to that conclusion. People have no sense of reality."

"I'm gonna miss you kid." Sirius grabbed Harry in a hug.

"I'm not going far. You can show up anytime. I'll send Dobby with the password for the floo."

"Sounds good. You two be careful." Harry nodded. "Kiley you take care of this trouble seeker." She nodded. "Well off you go." Sirius smiled, although it didn't reach his eyes. The pair found Remus in his room and left for the Keep.

The Burrow

5:30 pm. Kitchen

The Weasleys had been home for roughly an hour when Molly called all of her children into the kitchen to talk about the rest of their summer.

"I wanted to talk to all of you about some very important things." The kids all sat there staring at her. "I've been talking to the Headmaster and he thinks that there is something wrong with Harry's story

about what happened during the fourth task. He thinks that Harry might have had something to do with Cedric's death."

"Are you serious. Harry couldn't hurt a fly on purpose." Fred yelled.

"He was friends with Cedric. Why would he hurt him?" George said.

"Do not take that tone with me boys." Mrs Weasley said. "I was asked by Headmaster Dumbledore to have all of you keep an eye on Harry. Just in case. He just wants to know if Harry is going to go Dark."

"You have lost your mind mum." George nodded as Fred spoke. They eyed Ron and Ginny, who sat in their chairs like they would rather be anywhere else. "How did you get those two to go along with this crap?" Ginny nudged her brother with her foot. Once Fred had focused on her she flicked her eyes from her mum to the hearth to both herself and Ron. Fred took a second to understand what she was trying to say but he got it.

"Mum I think that you have over stepped. Matriarch's Will isn't supposed to be used to make us spy on our friends."

"I don't know what you are talking about." Molly stood and walked towards the twins. Fred and George looked at each other before apparating straight out of the Burrow and into the waiting area at the Ministry.

After getting their wands checked and sending a message up to their Father they entered a lift and head up to the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office. Their dad was hard at work when they knocked on his door. Arthur had a large smile on his face when he looked up and saw the twins.

"To what do I owe this visit? You two aren't in trouble are you?"

"No dad." Fred said.

"But we think that there is something that you should know about."

"What?" He put aside all of the work on his desk and turned his full attention to them.

"Mum just tried to get us to spy on Harry." George decided to just be blunt about it.

"Are you sure?" Arthur was confused. He never thought that his wife would do that.

"She used Matriarch's Will on Ron and Ginny to get them to agree." Fred said. Arthur was shocked.

"I'm not sure what is going on but I will handle it when I get home. See you boys at Padfoots later tonight."

"Um... Dad... Mum took us all home. We are back at the Burrow."

"Well then, I will see you at home tonight. Let me finish my work here." Arthur turned back to his desk and the boys left. Arthur waited until the twins were gone before floo calling Bill. They talked about what could be causing Molly to act the way the twins had told him. He knew that when he got home he would have to override the Matriarch's Will that she had enforced. Sometimes he didn't know why they were allowed to use Matriach and Patriarch's Will. It was an old form of the imperius curse, one that had been used for generation upon generation to do everything from help children break bad habits to enforcing chastity and family values.

Chapter 9

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

Anasirone

Harry and Kiley arrived in the main entrance room of the Keep at Anasirone to a flurry of activity. The houseelves were busy setting up rooms for Kiley and getting the house ready for new human inhabitants. Harry was ushered in one direction while the elves took Kiley off in another.

The room that Harry was shown was a huge apartment on the second floor of the Keep. Near the center of the house, behind two foot thick walls, down a winding hallway was a private suite that rivaled all private suites he could have ever dreamed up. The doors to his suite opened into a small sitting room, with doors that lead to a study and further into his rooms. The elves left him alone to explore his rooms. The next room deeper was a lounge, with large televisions, game systems, books and comfy chairs and sofas. The deepest room was his bed room and a private bathroom that put the prefects' bathrooms at Hogwarts to shame. There were two other doors in his room. One in the bedroom that lead to another suite, just as opulent as his own. While the second one, located in the depths of his closet, led to a dimly lit hallway filled with doors. He started to go explore the hallway when he heard Kiley enter his room.

Kiley had been brought to a separate entrance to the Families Floor. A wing that was separated just for the Ladies of the House and children. She noticed, as she walked, that some of the doors had signs on them bearing names, and ranks within the house. Those rooms stood locked and she could not get the doors to open.

"I wouldn't be tryin those doors Miss Davin."

"Why not Squeaks?"

"They for L'rd Potter's women. Unless you want to be?"

"N-n-no." Kiley stuttered and continued on down the hall. On the right hand wall Squeaks opened a door.

"This is your room. Your Mum picked it."

Kiley pushed open the door to reveal an opulent suite furnished in dark blues and golds. There was a king sized canopy bed with velvet curtains, a walk in closet, a private bath, tall bookcases that she could fill with anything and a desk. The bay windows in the room over looked a walled flower garden. She flopped onto her bed with a sigh. On the nightstand stood framed photos of her parents and Harry's both together and separate.

"Where is Harry?" She asked eyeing the photo of a tiny girl and boy playing with giant dogs in a green yard.

"L'rd Potter is in his rooms."

"Can I see him?" Squeaks looked at the ground, wrung her hands and then nodded. She led Kiley through the house again and to the door of Harry's suite, where Kiley proceeded to bang the door open. "Harry!" Her eyes searched the room for him.

"Yes Kiley?" He replied exiting his bedroom and coming into the sitting area.

"You should see my room... although this one puts it to shame."

"Don't think that. Yours is probably amazing. Show me?" They left Harry's room and wandered first to Kiley's room and then around the Keep trying to find where everything that they would need was located.

Early the next morning Kiley found Harry sitting at the dining room table with three stacks of scrolls before him. When asked what he was doing Harry responded that he was plotting. She eyed him warily while serving up breakfast from the sideboy. They ate in silence as they both contemplated what they wanted to accomplish in the coming days. That evening an owl arrived from the Lady Denissen mere moments before she apparated into Anasirone. Harry sent one of the elves to bring her up to the keep only to have the elf return saying that she was being driven up in one of the Rolls Royces. Harry didn't know that he had a Rolls let alone multiples. He stood just inside the door, Kiley behind to his right waiting for Lady Denissen to arrive. She swept up the steps as soon

as the driver had opened the doors to the Rolls. Harry bowed and took her hand in his.

"Welcome to my home Lady Denissen. I did not expect to see you so soon but am pleased that you find my charge and I worth your time."

"You seem to know how to speak like honey My Lord Potter. If the rest of your lessons go this well we shan't be here for long."

"May I introduce you to Lady Kiley Annamaria Natalia of House Davin, my godsister." Kiley curtsied when introduced to the severe looking older woman. Lady Denissen would arrive promptly every afternoon at half past three, and would remain at the Keep, bringing Harry, Kiley, and occasionally Tonks up to snuff until just before the dinner hour.

The Burrow

6:45 pm

One week before Harry's Birthday

It was nearing dinner time when Arthur returned home. He stopped at the grandfather clock in the hallway, noticing that all of the the hands pointed to 'home' for the first time in months. Arthur sat his bag down, hung his coat nad hat on the rack, before squaring his shoulders. Molly was in the kitchen getting dinner ready.

"Kids, come down for supper." Molly yelled up the stairs before noticing Arthur standing in the doorway. "Hello Love." She kissed him on the cheek. The Weasley family sat down and tore into the first meal they had eaten at the Burrow in months.

"Ginny, what is your opinon of Harry?"

"He's an attention seeking brat that is going dark." Ginny said before slapping her hand over her mouth.

"I had been hoping the boys were exagerrating." Arthur stood from the table. "Children, I disolve the Matriarch's Will that covers anthing involving Harry Potter. So mote it be." Bands of ivory smoke

wrapped around each of the family members before sinking into their skin.

"Molly, why would you have the kids spy on Harry?" He questioned as the smoke cleared.

"He is a danger to this family." The older two children sat in stunned silence.

"Harry has done nothing but try to help this family." Percy declared throwing his napkin on the table.

"As any good dark lord in training does while gathering supporters." Molly quipped back.

"Mum it wasn't fair. Harry is our friend." Ron added.

"You can't force the children to spy on their friends." Arthur spoke with a little more force than he expected. Dinner was finished in silence that permeated the whole house.

"Da, can I go to Luna's for the night?" Ginny asked. Arthur nodded and Ginny removed herself from the kitchen. Slowly the kitchen emptied.

Around midnight, once he was certain that everyone in the house was asleep, one son lit a candle and got out of bed. He sat on his bed and wrote a letter to Dumbledore. A letter that pledged his aide in ferreting out an up and coming dark lord. A letter that would one day break his family's hearts.

Under the guise of introducing Kiley to some of 'Hogwarts Finest' Harry would take her visiting among the homes of his friends and the other members of the Wizengamot. A great deal of time was spent at Longbottom Manor due to Grand Lady Longbottom's willingness to supervise five or six of the teens at a time. Most often the visitors to Longbottom Manor consisted of Susan, Daphne, Ernie, Justin Finch-Fletchly and Treacy Davis, who was stuck to Daphne like glue. Harry wasn't sure what her reason for coming to the Manor almost every time that Daphne did. The girls were becoming good friends with Kiley, and had offered, no matter the house, to help her adjust to Hogwarts for the coming year.

There were only two instances where the Weasley children had attempted to come to either the Keep or the Manor to visit with Harry. Both times ended in arguments between Harry and Ron. More often than not over the presence of the Slytherins. Harry had dismissed Ron from his home until he could be civil to all of the other guests. Ron had dragged Ginny away, even though her face showed that it hurt her to leave Harry there, without so much as a fight.

Hermione came from time to time when she could slip away from the Burrow without Mrs Weasley knowing. She took one look at Harry and dragged him into another room to tell her all about which of the girls he was crushing on. After questioning him to death about Daphne she let him return to the luncheon but kept a close eye on Daphne the entire time.

Even though each of the gatherings began with something for the whole group to do together they would break off into smaller groups or pairs to walk amongst the gardens, sit in the library, or wander the property. Neville and Susan Bones would take up residence in either his flower garden or the greenhouse and discuss flowers and school. Ernie and Justin would attempt to get Kiley to walk with either or both of them alone and away from Harry who would only let her out of his sight if one of two things happened. Either Daphne dragged him away to escort her about the property or Hermione was willing to walk with Kiley.

Harry would always end his afternoons out with his friends sitting on the shore of the pond watching the sunset with Daphne and Treacy. There was a tranquility that came from finishing his days in the company of the two Slytherin girls. Neither was apt to talk for long periods of time and seemed to enjoy the silence of nature as much as he did.

Daily Prophet Articles

Wizengamot to Vote on Mixed Blood Laws

The Ministry of Magic is set to vote of the first set of laws that will help regulate pre- Hogwarts education. The Laws are being championed by the Families of Davin, Potter and Longbottom, with the surprising support of Malfoy and Greengrass. A brief outline of the laws follows:

Sponsorship Act:

*All persons that seek employment within the Ministry of Magic are hereby required to have a sponsor. This sponsor will assist them in the transition between student and voting adult. This sponsor is to help guarantee that the prospective employee adheres to all codes of magic, and that they are fit for the position they seek to hold.

Educational Reform Act:

*The Ministry of Magic, in hopes to ensure the stringent standards and the expectations of the community are being met within the walls of all of the registered schools of magic.

* High Inquisitors will be sent to all schools. They will have the power to create and enforce school policy on behalf of the Ministry of Magic. They are to ensure that the Ministry Guidelines on Acceptable Subjects, Professors, Assignments, and Instruction are being followed. They will have the power to report and request the replacement of any and all professors and facilitators as they see fit.

*The following classes will be phased into the curriculum: Etiquette or Deportment, Wizarding Traditions, Wizarding Government, and an Introduction to the Ministry of Magic. The first two are mandatory for all students but there is the option to test out of them. The second two are geared for sixth and seventh years that are thinking about careers in the Ministry.

Compulsory Magical Education Act:

*All children that show magical potential should be schooled in a magical institution or through working with approved educators in alternative setting, in order to keep their magic from getting away from them. The parents of the child will be allowed to decide what school they are attending.

*Parents of Magical children that are not magical will also be required to send their children to magic schools or begin teaching them, the minute that they show their first signs of magic.

*If the parents protest or abandon the child, the child will be placed with an appropriate magical family and educated by them.

Anasirone Keep, Ballroom,

July 31, 5:30 pm

Harry stood in the middle of the ballroom of the Keep. The room had been transformed from the dark hall it had been to a room filled with light, flowers, fountains and soon laughter. It was twenty minutes till the birthday party would begin. He was excited, nervous, anxious and hesitant all at the same time. Neville and his Grandmother had been very insistent that certain things be done for the party. Invitations had gone out to everyone in their year, all of the Wizengamot families, all four quidditch teams and to the participants in the Triwizard Tournament. The amount of owls that had returned almost immediately with RSVP s was staggering and filled the dinning room at lunch time. Lady Longbottom sat there and smiled while the boys jumped around the room and caught them all before recording who would be attending. Some of the guests would be arriving via floo connections while others would appear by portkey or apparition in Anasirone. Those that arrived in town would be escorted from the village green to waiting motor cars, driven by the vassals in the village. The select few that would be arriving by floo would arrive in the receiving room. The bell in the receiving room chimed, followed by the doors opening and someone walking towards him. Harry turned to see Neville and his Grandmother coming towards him.

"Good evening Grand Lady Longbottom, Neville."

"Good evening Lord Potter."

"Hiya Harry."

"You ready for some fun Neville?"

"Yes I am. It would be nice to cut loose before school starts." Through the windows he saw motor cars approaching. Harry could imagine the looks on a few of the stauncher purebloods' faces as they were ushered into the Rolls Royces. There would be very few adults in the group, mainly just the people that were closest to Harry and Neville in age. Although, there would be more than enough chaperones present with the Ladies of the Crones Circle having tea with Grand Lady Longbottom in the sitting room.

"Company approaches."

"Well boys off you go. I'll welcome your friends."

"You would do that for me?"

"Yes, Harry. I would be honored to stand as your family. Now scoot." She shooed the pair into Harry's main floor office before making her way to the Entrance Hall just as the first motorcar arrived. Pansy and her brother, Ulric, exited the car, each bearing a gift for one of the boys. "Welcome young Parkinsons."

"Thank you for inviting us." A procession of teens and young adults filtered in to the Entrance Hall before following a trail of floating candles to the ballroom. As the sun began to set thousands of candles floated throughout the room setting a soft glow over everything. Dobby appeared suddenly at Harry's side, looking very anxious.

"Master Harry... Miss Hermione... is in the receiving room. She needs you." Dobby stuttered and then disappeared.

'Having so many people here must be making him crazier than normal.' Alex commented.

'Nope. Draco's here.' Harry spotted the young Malfoy heir as he peeked into the room through a one way mirror. Harry left his office and walked towards the receiving room. Hermione was pacing near the floor, her trunk at her feet, and her face tear-stained. When she saw Harry she rushed towards him and threw herself into his arms.

"Hermione, what's wrong?" Harry patted her back awkwardly.

"I can't stay there anymore. They've all gone half mad." She cried into his shoulder.

"Who's gone mad?"

"The Order. Spouting off about how you need to be taken control of, how you owe them your life..."

"Breathe 'Mione, deep breaths. Now lets get you cleaned up and in to the party."

"The twins should be here soon, they were gonna drop their stuff back at Sirius' before coming here."

'The parties are realigning Harry. This should work in your favor.'

'How is chaos in the Weasley Clan in my favor?'

'You'll see.'

"Winky." Harry waited for the tiny elf to appear. "Could you please take Hermione's things to her room and ask Kiley to come here." Winky disappeared and Kiley arrived just a few seconds later. "Could you take Hermione to get freshened up. Oh and we are being announced in fifteen minutes." Harry went back to his office, where Lady Longbottom had told them to wait until she announced them. Once Kiley had ushered Hermione in to the ballroom she returned to the office. Through the office door they heard bits and pieces of their announcement. Harry held his arm out to Kiley who placed her hand on his forearm and the trio exited the office.

"Welcome to Anasirone Keep, the feudal seat of House Potter." Harry repeated the words that Alex had taught him. "We would like to thank you for coming to join in our birthday celebration. I would also like to take this time to introduce the wonderful lady on my arm. Tonight I have the greatest honor and the highest privilege to introduce the Lady Kiley Annamaria Natalia of House Davin, under the protection and auspices of House Potter as my Godsister. She has been attending the London Ladies School of Magic and will be joining me at Hogwarts this year."

Kiley smiled at the crowd. Harry led her out onto the floor and as the music played they twirled around the floor, trying not to stumble over his own two feet. A set of well planned subtle declarations: that Harry was totally single and that anyone that wanted to get to either him or Kiley would have to go through the other one. Neville waited until the song was over before asking Susan Bones to join him. Other couples joined them on the floor and the music continued. Silence swept through the room as a few last minute guests entered the ballroom. Harry looked up and smiled, he escorted her over to the two groups that were near the door. The first group was mainly represented by the silvery blondes that everyone recognized as

veelas. He walked forward with a smile as some of his male guests were struggling to refrain from making fools of themselves.

"Bonsoir mademoiselles. How are you doing? I would like to introduce you to my godsister Kiley of House Davin." He kissed their cheeks like old friends, causing Gabrielle to blush.

"'Arry these are ma amies Arielle and Juliet Mooro, they are the Minister of Magic's daughters."

"Bounsoir Ladies. Kiley this is Fleur and Gabrielle Delacour." She smiled at the veela sisters.

"It's a pleasure to meet a competitor in that dastardly tournament. I hear you did amazingly well despite having so many things against you. Evil little amphibious whores." Kiley said with a smile.

"'Arry, your dear godsister c'est magnifique. J'adore 'er." Fleur squealed and wrapped her arms around Kiley's small frame.

"I've grown to adore her as well. She's a fine matriarch of Potter, for now." Whispers went up around him.

"Save me a dance 'arry." Fleur smiled, she tugged on Harry's hand ever so slightly.

"Of course." Harry smiled before looking over her shoulder at the other group. "Pardon me Ladies. Kiley come meet another competitor." She nodded and followed him towards the second group. "Viktor Krum. How are you friend?"

"Harry. Friend. How have you been? These few weeks have been amazing."

"You playing for Bulgaria? They gonna make it to the World Cup?"

"I'm playing. We might make it. Apparently the guy who took my position during the year at Hogwarts was not so good."

"At least you can still play. This is Kiley Davin, my godsister." He kissed her hand.

"It's a pleasure to meet you Viktor. You did well in the tournament."

"Thank you kindly."

"Let us return to the party." Harry smiled and led Kiley back out onto the floor. As they twirled around the floor Harry jumped slightly as a hand appeared on his shoulder.

"May I cut in?" Harry turned to the speaker and was surprised to see Draco Malfoy standing beside him with Daphne Greengrass on his arm.

"You have the loveliest flower here on your arm, why pass her up Heir Malfoy?"

"I find our situations more reversed Lord Potter." Harry studied Draco's eyes looking for the truth of his statements.

'Trust him for now Harry. Kiley will tell you if he does anything wrong.'

'But its Malfoy. I'm not sure I want him near my Kiley.'

'Ahh... but you want to dance with Daphne don't you?'

'Yes.'

'Then it is a small price to pay for a dance with her.' Harry brought Kiley's gloved hand to his mouth and kissed her knuckles. She nodded slightly to him.

"Becareful with this one Heir Malfoy. She is the jewel of the Davin Clan." Harry released her hand and Draco took it in his.

"I should say the same to you Lord Potter."

"Daphne may I have this dance?" Daphne blushed when Harry addressed her.

"I believe so Lord Potter."

"None of that Lord Potter stuff... it is my birthday, I would like for you to call me Harry."

"Since it is your birthday." Daphne smiled and they twirled around the dance floor. Their fourth dance was interrupted by a ear piercing squeal that caused most of the room to look frantically around.

Chapter 10

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

The Burrow

Late Morning of Harry's Birthday

Hedwig fluttered through Hermione's and Ginny's bedroom window with the goodie box firmly attached to her leg. In the box was a dress that Hermione had been fitted for before she ventured to Grimmauld Place earlier this summer. A midnight blue spaghetti strap dress with a deep v neckline that was fitted to the waist and then flared to her ankles. Hermione had begged and pleaded with her mother to be allowed to try on the dress but once it was on, she had to have one for herself. Hedwig had already dropped the box on Hermione's bed when she entered in time to see the owl wing out the window.

Ginny bustled into the room that they shared while Hermione was at the Burrow. She flopped onto the bed and let out a deep sigh. Hermione giggled, she knew what had Ginny sighing. Hanging from the wardrobe door was the dress that Ginny had worn to the Yule Ball. The dress was tattered and stained, remnants of the amazing time that she had. It was not up to par with what anyone else would be wearing at the party. The girls spent the next four hours fixing the dress. They removed the collar and top layer of tulle. Hermione showed Ginny how to dye the fabric the muggle way. The girls selected a deep forest green with black lace and detailing.

Realizing that they had missed lunch Ginny and Hermione went downstairs to hear yelling in the kitchen, a quickly becoming commonplace sound. The Order had taken to meeting at the Burrow, mostly since Sirius had confined them to the basement level of Grimmauld Place. Sneaking toward the kitchen they listened from the stairs.

"This is ridiculous! A child is leading us around by the nose." A professor's voice that they were very familiar with snarled.

"He is going dark... even his friends say so. There will be no saving this boy if we don't act now. He needs to go back to the Dursley's."

"They treated him the way he needed to be treated." Ginny's eyebrows shot into her hairline.

"Headmaster Dumbledore is right." There was a pause as most of the room filled with murmurs. "We need to find Harry and take him back to his family. They will be the best at keeping him from going dark."

"Let's plan to move him back within the next two days." Dumbledore said, looking over his half-moon glasses at those gathered at the Burrow's table.

Hermione grabbed Ginny's arm to keep her from going into the kitchen. They backed slowly up the stairs and returned to their room. Ginny had tears running down her face. The girls began putting their bags together to go to see Harry and Neville. Midway through filling their bags Fred and George came into the room.

"You leaving?" George asked.

"We are going to the birthday party." Hermione answered not looking up from her suitcase.

"When do you want to go?"

"My floo time is 5 pm into the main house."

"Our arrival time is 5:30 in Anasirone. I guess that is the closest town to his house." Fred said, reading over the twins' invitation.

An hour later the twins and the girls were ready to leave. The four of them were heading down the stairs with bags on their shoulders. Mrs. Weasley, was standing at the bottom of the stairs letting a few of the 'guests' leave the house.

"Where do you think you guys are going?" Molly asked with a fake smile on her face.

"To Harry's birthday mum." Ginny said with a smile.

"I don't think so. There are things here that need to be done. Besides, Harry is going back to his parents soon. I doubt there will

be a party tonight." Molly had an odd twinkle in her eyes as she spoke.

"Da said we could go. What do you mean that there might not be a party tonight?"

"Well your father isn't here right now. I've decided that you flooing to Grimmauld Place isn't the safest thing at the moment."

"But..." Fred slapped his hand over Ginny's mouth as she began to speak.

"Yes Ma'am. We'll just go back upstairs." Fred answered pulling Ginny backwards up the staircase. Upon reaching the landing in front of her room Fred released Ginny. Hermione watched as Molly walked back into the kitchen and set to making dinner.

"How are we going to get out of here now?" Hermione asked sinking to the floor.

"Well she only told us that we weren't allowed to go to Headquarters. She said nothing about going to Anasirone. We'll just leave without her knowing."

"How we gonna do that?"

"One at a time of course." George said matter of factly.

"Ginny, you and Hermione will go down stairs and hide your bags by the fireplace. Ginny distract mum until Hermione gets through. Once she's gone we will distract her so that you can get through." The girls nodded.

Hermione took both of the girls' bags and sat on the sofa in the family room. Ginny took a deep breath and skipped into the kitchen to distract her mother. Hermione grabbed both bags and stepped into the fireplace. Ginny's distractions must have failed because Mrs Weasley stormed into the family room screaming about how the kids were negatively affected by being around Harry. Hermione took a chance and threw some floo powder at her feet and sped off to Harry's house. She prayed that Ginny and the Twins were okay.

The Keep, Anasirone

The squeal caused the hair on the back of Harry's neck to stand on end. He shot Daphne an apologetic look for ending their dance and pulled her behind him, eyes searching for Kiley, Neville and the problem. With a flick of his wrist his wand appeared in his hand and he approached the doors. The squealing grew louder and the edges of the doors began to rattle. As if they were slammed open by a giant the doors flew open and ricocheted off of the wall. The whole Keep began to stir; magic that had been asleep was waking to rise in defense of the Family Potter.

Curses died on Harry's lips as he saw the twins barreling down the hall on their brooms, beaters bats in hand and smacking a large, glowing, ball between them. The ball was emitting the squealing sounds. As it got closer the ball took on the shape of a dragon that roared and spit fire. Behind him he felt Kiley and Hermione come forward, followed by Neville and surprisingly, Draco.

'A firecracker... they set off a firecracker... in my house.' The twins smacked the ball one more time and it shot towards the ceiling where it would bounce from wall to wall, a shower of harmless sparks every time it hit something. The music returned the guests all went back to dancing and Harry stormed towards the pair of Marauder wanna-bes.

"What in the seventh circle are you doing? Firecrackers in the Keep!" Harry seethed as he got into their faces.

"Happy Birthday Harry." Fred said.

"Yeah, Happy Birthday." George added.

"Thought that we should..." The twinspeak began.

"Give you an amazing show..."

"I mean you are our..."

"Best investor."

"Cut it out boys. Ya scared half the people here. And I'm pretty sure I know have to go smooth things over with the villagers before they decide to serve you up, suckling pig style." From the corner of his

eye Harry could see figures standing in the shadows just outside of the ballroom.

"Harry, old buddy, old pal..."

"You wouldn't let them harm us would you?"

"If I hadn't recognized you two morons, I'm sure that the wards would have ripped you to shreds before you crossed the threshold." The magic of the Keep slipped from its defensive mode and into the deep sleep that it had been in. There would be some explaining in the morning but until then he was going to have some more fun. Behind the twins, barely inside of the door, Ginny stood in a flowing green dress. Neville seemed transfixed, he walked towards her and took her out onto the floor to dance. "Daphne, another turn around the dance floor?" She nodded, her eyes flicking warily from the twins to the firecracker and back again.

They danced for half an hour more before Harry and Neville cut their cake, opened a few presents and thanked everyone for attending. It was well after midnight when the partygoers began to wander off towards either the floo or the cars waiting out front.

Harry sat at the dining room table, elbow on the table, head resting on his hand. Kiley waltzed into the room, a smile on her face and a bounce in her step. Five minutes after they had settled at the table Hermione, the twins and Neville wandered into breakfast, sleep in their eyes and biting back yawns. Harry nodded to one of the elves and piles of food appeared on the table. Owls had already gone out with the pre-written thank you notes to everyone that attended.

Kiley hummed to herself as she buttered a few muffins before dipping them in cinnamon sugar. She smiled as she munched away on the muffin. Harry stared at her in disbelief, shook his head and then went back to his breakfast.

"What's got you all smiles?" Hermione asked as she sat down with a plate of eggs and toast.

"I think she had a good night." Neville answered as he reached for a pot of coffee.

Kiley blushed. "I had an amazing night."

"Did Malfoy behave himself?" Harry asked.

"Very much so. He was very gentlemanly." Kiley flushed a light pink. "He asked if he could call on me."

"Here at the Keep? Chaperone needed or would you like him invited over when there is a group here?" Harry asked, knowing that the answer would set the tone for how he needed to treat the budding relationship.

"I would like to invite him over the next time we have a group afternoon." Kiley said not looking up from her plate.

She's laying it out there for you. It's your chance to sink or swim their relationship. She also knows that everything goes through you now.

Shouldn't she be allowed to give me her input?

In private. You can call her to the study later and discuss things. Right now you are in public. As her male guardian she can't argue with you in public.

Its Malfoy though.

Yes and the Malfoys are just as old of a family as yours. There are twelve Most Ancient Families that were enobled by the King. Three stand for the 'light', three for the 'dark', three for the 'grey' and three for creatures.

And the Malfoys stand for the dark.

But the Malfoys still owe allegiance to the crown. You need to speak to Draco. See where his head sits. There are many ways for him to be 'saved'. In the mean time... answer Kiley.

"I think that he would be a fine addition to our afternoon gatherings. Would you like to write him or should I?"

"I will if you don't mind? Any particular way I should word it?"

"No," Harry paused, "but, I would like to speak with him as soon as possible." Kiley nodded and skipped from the room.

Hermione waited for Kiley to ascend the stairs before she spoke. "Are you sure that having him here in a social aspect is a good idea?"

"She is right Harry. Inviting him here on a regular basis leaves you open for attacks from the Dark Lord." Neville chimed in.

"Malfoy won't do anything. I think he actually likes Kiley. Anything is better than Pansy." Their conversation was interrupted by Squeaks appearing at Harry's elbow. She handed him an envelope and disappeared once more. "Well this is unexpected." Harry turned the envelope over in his hands a few times. Taking a deep breath he broke the wax seal on the back and opened the letter. After reading it once he passed it to the rest of the table.

Dear Mister Potter,

I know that your birthday has just past, so happy belated birthday. Your Aunt and I hope that you had an amazing party.

I've read the file that your mother left for me. I would like to meet with you this week, if possible. Perhaps Tuesday at noon at the Italian Restaurant on Mason Avenue.

Respond as soon as possible please.

Baron Davenport

"Umm, Harry, do you have idea who this man is?" Hermione asked, eyeing the envelope.

"I believe that he is my uncle. My Mother's older brother."

"I thought that Aunt Petunia was your only family left?" Hermione questioned.

"So did I." Harry stared wistfully at the page. "Mum left be a box of information when she died and inside was a letter to give to him. She wrote that she was adopted by the Evans' family and that she was a hundred percent sure that he was related to her."

"Are you going to meet with him?" Neville asked.

"Yes. I want a family more than I want to survive a year at Hogwarts."

"Harry, Baron Davenport isn't just any old baron. He is a baron in his own right, but he is the only living son of the Duke of Ross, Duke Seneson. If you can claim familial bonds to the dukedom then you will have feudal seats in both the magical and nonmagical worlds."

"I know Hermione. I'm Lord of House Potter, Baron of Anasirone, both by courtesy. I've inherited people's lives. They depend on me for their survival and to be their voice when they have none."

"Harry, you will be amazing." Neville tried to assure his friend.

"I hope you're right Nev." Harry reached for another scone before leaving the dining room for his office. No one saw him for the rest of the day.

Tuesday

The Keep at Anasirone

The Tuesday following the birthday party dawned clear and warm. Harry had dressed in khaki shorts a button down green short sleeved shirt, while thinking about the upcoming meeting with his Uncle. He sipped his coffee slowly, as to not speed through his few peaceful hours. Hermione and Kiley had tried to tempt him out of his office with food, music or flying. Nothing had worked so the girls sat in one of the parlors near the foyer waiting for him. Out the parlor window Hermione noticed a silver and black Rolls Royce pull up the drive. Tonks knocked on the door frame before she entered the parlor.

"I'm not sure I'm wearing this right." Tonks motioned to the ear piece that she had hanging from her shirt collar. Tonks had toned down her look to look like a member of a private security team. She wore a dark blue pants suit with silver buttons, clipped to her lapel was the Potter Family Crest. Hermione tucked the earpiece into its proper place and checked the wires that ran down to the unit belted to her side.

"Who is on the other side of the earpiece?"

"Remus will be listening in from here. The muggle security room will have audio of what is going on."

"What good is audio when you can't see anything?" Hermione asked.

"The wizarding security room will have a picture that you can see." Tonks fussed with the hem of her jacket. "I think that Harry might want some privacy anyways. This may be the only chance at a family he has."

When Harry finally emerged from his office he had changed clothes into a dark gray suit, the breast pocket was embroidered with the Potter family crest. He hugged Ginny and Hermione, kissed Kiley on the forehead before joining Tonks by the waiting car.

AN: Okay... Back from my vacation... quit my second job... gotten my health and the Real Life under control... should be able to write more often... Deepest apologies to all those faithful readers out there.

Chapter 11

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

Grimmauld Place

Black Family Library

Sirius and Andromeda sat in the Library watching over a transcription quill as it made copies of the books on the last shelf in the room. As the books passed each of the Black cousins they cast a series of spells designed to harm and persuade any and all that opened the books. They were counting on Dumbledore's need to control knowledge for him to be the one to break the charms on the library. Their last step was to casually mention the secret tomes that were kept in here while they were downstairs, hopefully Snape would carry the information back to both of his masters. Sirius placed an additional charm on most of the books; the wording of spells and potions contained a few lines or words of nonsense. Every tome they thought was ancient and full of dark magic was now full of nonsense. The books to be left behind were worthless.

Once the pair had finished copying, shrinking, and storing everything in the Library in a large steamer trunk, they would change rooms in the house. Andromeda conjured dishes and decorations to replace the priceless family artifacts that she had shrunk and placed in a trunk compartment. Purposefully, none of her conjurations looked the same as their original. In the place of the family crest was an emblem containing a fried chicken and a black hat. She covered the dining room, both parlors and the kitchen during a brief period where the whole house was empty. Sirius went from bedroom to bedroom in the upper floors removing anything that the previous occupants had left behind. Everything was copied and then the originals were floated down to Andromeda to store in the trunk. At last the pair stood before the passageway to the heart of the house, the ritual room where the ward stones were kept, along with the smaller passage to the Black Crypt.

"We can't remove any of the objects because of the enchantments." Andromeda said, her eyes travelling the cases and shelves in the room.

"I know. But, what can we do?" Sirius rubbed his chin.

"Let's ward and spell the room from the inside out. Start in the crypt and work our way back to this spot." Andromeda suggested, waving her hands around.

"Sounds good." Sirius pressed his hand against the wall. "Remember, no magic near the stones."

Andromeda nodded, her father saying the same thing echoed in her head. When they had turned seven the Patriarch would drag them from the safety of their beds into the ritual room. He would take a dagger and cut their palms in an x, letting the blood flow onto the ground and into a vial. As Black blood flows, this child renews their oath to protect and serve the House of Black. May they join the generations of the faithful, completing their tasks before joining the beloved in the Black Crypt. Andromeda had never thought about the words her Uncle had spoken that night. As she walked through the ritual room toward the door to the crypt she noticed that the black spot on the floor seemed to be too light to have been the place where generations of Blacks spilled their own blood.

"Sirius, something is wrong." He turned to look at her. "The stain on the floor should be darker and larger than it is. I wonder..." She was cut off by a guttural growl coming from deep within the crypt. Without thinking Andromeda pulled Sirius toward the cabinet in the corner where the family had kept the ritual objects. She pulled a dagger from the drawer and handed it to Sirius. "You never claimed the Family Seat. Do it Sirius."

Sirius walked to the center of the room, his hands shaking as he held the dagger. "I, Sirius Orion, do hereby claim the title of Patriarch of House Black. " He ran the blade over the faint lines on his hand, letting blood drip from his hand to the floor. "As Black blood flows, I renew my oath to protect and serve the House of Black. May I join the generations of the faithful, completing my tasks before joining the beloved in the Black Crypt. May I protect this House from a darkness that seeks to destroy us." Andromeda watched as a ring of fire rose around the room, the howling in the crypt stopped before a black light flared out of the center of the room. When she could see again Sirius looked like he had never spent a day in Azkaban.

"Sirius, are you okay?" Andromeda asked, blinking to clear the spots from her eyes.

"Andromeda Black Tonks, you have not done right by your daughter. You have provided neither a daughter nor a son to the House of Black." Sirius said before shaking his head. "Daughter Andromeda, I deny your dismissal from the family. You are hereby reinstated. This reinstatement also applies to any and all children you may have had while you were dismissed from the family. House Black has spoken, so mote it be."

"So mote it be." She whispered.

"Sorry Dromi, the House had a demand of you." Sirius hung his head.

"It's alright. Lord Black, I will fulfill my oath. I will bring my Nymphadora to you." She said formally. As she spoke the black light from earlier filled the room once more.

The cousins walked away from the ritual room toward the crypt. As they passed a blank wall the image rippled and a case was revealed. Sirius pulled the glass door from the case and was stunned to see small copper plates with the names of generations of Blacks written on them. Below each plaque was a round hole with a wax-capped vial in it.

"Well now we know where he put those vials he collected when we were seven." Andromeda joked, trying to put a smile on her cousin's face.

"Not really. The blood is taken at birth, ages seven, eleven, and seventeen. Most members of the family renew their oaths once they finish their masteries, get married, and have children and then the Patriarch takes the last vial when you are on your death bed. This case holds the collective blood memories of every Black that has ever walked the face of the earth."

"Blood memories?" She questioned, wracking her brain for information.

"It's a blood magic rite that was outlawed by the Ministry two centuries ago. Basically, our family history is not maintained in the

books we copied from the library. It is down here, in the blood of our ancestors. Say you wanted to know what the potion masters of the family had accomplished, or what spells some of the crafters created but never published. A drop of their blood mixed with wine and drunk would pass on their talents to you, for a brief time. Normally long enough for you to write most of it down. To mix it with your blood in the ritual room would pass their talents on to you completely. You would have it for the rest of your life. Blood to Blood."

"That is a little creepy." Andromeda said, eyeing some of the vials. "Let's get a move on. I want to make it to see Nym before dinner."

"I agree." Sirius nodded.

They continued on down the passage past the tombs of their stasis kept relatives. At the end of the tunnel they saw that someone had been down there removing some of the bodies from their tombs, cremating their remains and then placing the sealed jars of remains in the alcoves along the walls. The oldest body that remained was from the sixteen hundreds and each alcove held twenty five jars with copper plaques bearing the name, occupation, and birth and death date of the occupant. Against the back wall was a single, immaculate, green and black marble tomb. Jet Arsenis Black, the first Patriarch of House Black. Above his tomb was a scroll, most of it taken up by an ornate coat of arms, but beneath it was a description of the first patriarch that caught Andromeda's eye.

"Jet Arsenis Black, commander of the forces of the raven, raised in the Keep of Anasirone, fostered as birth brother to the heir. Rode into battle against the enemies of Anasirone numerous times, Patriarch of Anasirone petitioned the Roman government for the family to be risen to noble status. Took many mistresses from the willing women of Anasirone. Oath-bound to aide the Clan Potter in anyway the clan requires." Andromeda translated the Latin as she spoke.

"We need to talk to Harry as soon as possible." Sirius cast as many protection and warding spells as he could over the crypt as they walked backward toward the ritual room. Once they had reached the ritual room again they sealed the door leading into the main house, covered it in layers of wards, illusions and spells before turning and heading to the entry hall. "Kreature." The old house-elf popped into the room. "Take this trunk. We are moving the household to the

Keep of Anasirone. We have copied everything in the house and the originals are in the trunk. Collect anything you fear we may have forgotten." Kreature nodded, grabbed the trunk and disappeared. The pair stood silently in the center of the hallway for a minute before they too disappeared.

Aldo's Ristorante

Mason Street, London

Just before noon

Harry sat, nervous, in a small Italian restaurant, waiting for his Uncle to arrive. As it neared the agreed upon time two men in black entered and were ushered back to him by the Maitre' D. Without a word to him both of the men stood behind his booth. A few more minutes passed three men entered, two dressed in black and a tall red haired man with green eyes. Harry stood and offered the approaching man a small bow.

"Good afternoon Harrison."

"Baron Davenport." answered Harry as he rose from his bow.

"Have you ordered?" Jackson Davenport motioned for Harry to sit.

"No sir, waiting for you." Harry fidgeted with the napkin on his lap.

"Too nervous to eat yet?" Harry grinned, but said nothing. "Well I hear the food here is delicious." Baron Davenport waved a waiter over. "Two specials and a glass of Chablis for me, and..." He paused and looked at Harry.

"Ice water with lemon wedge, please."

"So, you are Lilith's son. Did your mother tell you anything about our relationship before she died?" Harry felt that his uncle was testing him. Trying to make sure it was the right person.

"She left me letters and a diary when she died. If she had spoken anything of you I was too young to remember it now."

"How long have you been living in Surrey?"

Someone has been doing their research. Alexian commented.

Glad to see you make an appearance. Harry retorted.

"Since All Saints Day the year I turned one. Roughly fourteen years." Harry said, pausing to get his thoughts together. "I just recently moved to my father's family home."

"Harrison, I want you to know that we tried very hard, for a long time to find your mother. Both when she was taken and again when she stopped returning my letters. I cannot put my family through more pain. I need to prove, beyond all doubt, that you are Lilith's son and are my nephew."

"I understand. What do you need me to do?"

"I would like to run a few blood tests, just to test your DNA to Lilith's and mine."

"Seems reasonable." Harry sipped his water. "When would you like to do these blood tests?"

"My family is due to visit with the Queen at the first of the year. I would like to be able to present you to her at that time. So as soon as possible."

Harry nodded and reached for a small planner that he kept in his pocket. "I have exactly two weeks until I need to prepare to return to school. My only real free afternoon is today. Are we able to accomplish this in one afternoon?"

"Today is fine. We can have the blood drawn and run. The tests should take no more than three weeks to get the results back. I'm having a private lab run them."

Their lunch came and went, with conversation about the family that remained. Baron Davenport spoke of his wife, three daughters and two sons. He told stories about his father, the Duke Seneson, and how he was barely holding on. Harry delighted him with stories from school, little things that had happened this summer that made his home life not look so bad. They left the little restaurant in Baron Davenport's limo and took a small drive to a nondescript building. At

the third floor they got out of the elevator and entered a private clinic. Fifteen minutes later the tech was bidding them good day and promising that they would have the results soon. Harry parted ways with his uncle, knowing that the older man would get in contact with him as soon as the results came back. As his uncle was walking toward the limo his cell phone rang. Harry could not hear the whispered conversation but his uncle turned back toward him.

"Harrison, it seems that I am in need of your assistance this fine day."

"What can I do for you?"

"My wife just rang to say that our oldest daughter Amber has received a letter to Hogwarts. Please accompany me home to explain things to my wife." The Baron looked unsure of himself.

"Of course. Let me collect a friend who will be able to help me explain things better." His uncle nodded and Harry smiled. "Dobby." The small elf appeared. "Will you please collect both Miss Tonks and Miss Granger and bring them to my location when I call for you again?"

"Of course, Mister Harry Potter sir." Dobby disappeared quickly. Baron Davenport was stunned, silent. He ushered Harry toward the limo and they sped off to a large house in the Belgravia district of London. Harry was stunned at the size of the Georgian mansions, or at least what he could see past the high gates along the street. They entered a gate and pulled to a stop in front of a stark white mansion, three stories tall with a wraparound porch and six large columns supporting the roof.

"Dobby. Please bring the girls to me." Harry said, confusing his uncle once more. The elf appeared with two young women holding his hands. "Baron Davenport, I would like to present to you Auror Nym Black Tonks, my guardian until I am of age, and Miss Hermione Granger, a classmate of mine from the school you mentioned." Baron Davenport gave each of the ladies a bow. "Ladies, this is Baron Davenport, son of Duke Seneson, probably my uncle, and the father of a new witch."

"It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance Baron Davenport." Tonks said, smoothing out her hair. Hermione introduced herself and the Baron led them inside.

"Darling, I'm home." The Baron called up the stairs.

"Have you heard anything about this..." A tall woman with blonde hair turned the corner and trailed off as she saw that her husband had brought home company. "I need to speak to you about Amber."

"It's alright Darling. This is Harrison James, Hermione Granger and Nym Tonks. They are here to help."

"I think she is going to faint, sir." Tonks said, watching as Judith Davenport swayed on her feet. Jackson sprang toward his wife and caught her as she fainted. "We should probably sit down." The Baron led them all into a small parlor. "Ennervate." Judith Davenport awoke.

"This is a conversation that Amber should be a part of." Hermione said remembering Professor McGonagall having this conversation with her parents. A tiny pale girl of eleven with a tight French braid extending to her midback, skidded into the room with a happy smile on her face. The little girl settled between her parents on the sofa.

"Hello Amber." Harry knelt in front of her. "My name is Harrison, but you can call me Harry."

"Hi Harry." She blushed a light pink and looked away.

"I hear you got an odd letter today. One that your Mum thinks is a joke."

"Mummy took it from me. She said it was a silly joke." Amber scuffed her foot on the ground.

"Can I tell you a secret?" She nodded, a smile on her face. "It wasn't a joke. Amber, you are a witch. An honest to God, spell casting, magic using witch." Amber's blue eyes lit up.

"Really."

"I do not believe that you should be filling her head with lies, Mister..."

"Potter Ma'am. Lord Harrison James Potter of the Keep at Anasirone." Harry bowed to his aunt and turned to his uncle.

"Baron Davenport, if you needed any other truth to my statement earlier, Magic tends to run in families. It is just beginning in yours. Say your sister had magic; her children had it as well. It is not hard to believe that one of your own children would show the gene as well."

"Judith, this is Harry, my nephew." Baron Davenport said, staring at his wife. "He is the son of Lilith, my kidnapped sister."

"But... but... I'm so confused." Judith rubbed her hand across her forehead, trying to ease the blossoming headache.

"Mrs. Davenport, lets handle the situation that we came here for." Tonks spoke up.

"Amber has been offered a space at the highly selective, pretty decent, magic school Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry." Hermione added.

"Auror Tonks has graduated recently from Hogwarts, while Hermione and I are current students." Harry said with a smile at his little cousin.

"Can you show me some magic, Harry?" his Aunt Judith asked.

"Of course." Harry released his wand from the guard on his wrist and gave it a wave. "Avis." A small flock of blue birds filled the room before they dissipated. "Hmmm... not impressed..." Harry thought for a few minutes. "Hermione, your specialty please." He snagged an empty vase off of the table and handed it to her.

Hermione stared at the vase for a second before smiling. "Of course. That should help." She waved her wand and muttered the spell for her bluebell flames, sending a stream of them into the vase.

"That is so cool. Mummy, did you see that?" Amber's eyes were wide in amazement.

"Will Amber be able to do that? Shoot fire out of a stick... Umm... wand?"

"That and many more spells. Amber will receive a good education in all things magical at a boarding school nine months out of the year. Although, I do suggest having tutors here during the summer months will keep her to the educational standards of the Muggle World."

"Will she not be prepared to take her GCSEs when she graduates from Hogwarts?" Jackson asked, trying to remember all that Lilith had said about her boarding school.

"The Magical World is under the impression that once you enter you would never want to return to you Muggle roots. They have no training available in Muggle coursework, they do not report to the Department of Education. There is a laughable course called Muggle Studies, which expresses the wizards' views on muggle society." Nym answered.

"Oh." Judith paused, thinking over the facts they had been given. "Amber, do you want to go to Hogwarts?"

"Will Harry be there?" Amber looked at him shyly.

"Yes little cousin, Hermione and I will both be there." Harry answered with a smile.

"Then I want to go." Amber grinned and dashed out of the room. "I have to tell Tim and Ari." She was gone in a matter of seconds.

Harry met the rest of his cousins and they talked of magic. The Davenports questioned how David did not have magic but his younger sister did. Once they were satisfied with the answer Hermione and Nym questioned them about any magic the younger children may have done. Harry offered to escort Amber and Judith around Diagon Alley to get her school supplies. They decided on the following Thursday and that Nym would accompany them as well for security. The Davenports security team was asked to complete files on each of the three magicals in the room so that they would be allowed access to the property. Harry bid his Aunt and Uncle good night as he called for Dobby and they were whisked away.

Keep of Anasirone

Main Dining Room

Sirius and Andromeda appeared in entry hall just as Dobby brought Harry, Hermione and Tonks back from the Davenport's house. As a group they retreated to the dining room at the insistence of three very eager houseelves. Kiley wandered in a few minutes later, a small smile on her face. Dinner was served and plans were made for the following day's activities. After dinner, Sirius and Andromeda pulled Harry into his office.

"Harrison of Anasirone, House Black requests permission to reside within your walls. We believe that our house has come under attack from a lesser house and we are unable to defend ourselves due to our small numbers."

The House of Black is a vassal family to House Potter, since the ancient times. That is why your grandfather allowed Sirius to live here.

What am I supposed to say to that?

If you want to welcome them to the Keep you must say so. If you want to offer them a place in town you must say that. This will extend to any Black that House Black recognizes. You can place restrictions on the welcome though. Normally one would say that as long as none betray all are welcome.

So that would include anyone married to a Black or their progeny?

Yes. So be careful.

"House of Potter welcomes House of Black into the Keep of Anasirone. We wish you peace and safety within our walls, so long as none have a traitor's heart." Light flared and Harry felt the wards around him shift just a bit as to extend themselves to cover the Blacks. "How soon until you would like to move here?"

"Harry, we've emptied the Black House. Dobby and Kreature have brought everything here in storage trunks." Andromeda started.

"Where have the Weasley twins moved to?" Harry asked.

"They are remaining at the house until school starts. After that they will be Hogwarts bound with the rest of you." Sirius said. "How is your training going? Are you ready to be the young noble that your classmates will expect now?"

"I think so. Lady Denissen has been drilling Kiley and I every chance she gets. She seems dead set against us embarrassing her when we get to Hogwarts."

"Is Kiley ready to be thrown into Hogwarts?" Andromeda asked.

"As far as I can tell she is fine. It will be an adjustment but she should do fine." Harry stared off into space before continuing. "My cousin will also be attending this year."

"Dudley?" Andromeda asked.

"No Amber, daughter of my uncle."

"Dudley has a sister?"

"No. My mom was adopted by Aunt Petunia's parents. Her real brother and I have made contact. He has at least one child that is magical. I think all but his oldest is."

"I didn't know Lily was adopted." Sirius searched his memory for Lily ever telling him that.

"She found out after she left Hogwarts, when she and Moony applied to take the GCSEs and the IB exams. She died before she could get everything finalized. Uncle Jackson is Baron Davenport in his own right and the heir apparent to Duke Seneson."

It was late into the night when they finished talking and Sirius was escorted up to his room by one of the houseelves. Harry walked Andromeda to the entry hall so she could floo home. Harry finally made it to his room and sunk into bed around midnight.

Atrium

Ministry of Magic

"Minister... Minister... Do you have any comments on the rumor that you are appointing Hogwarts' Defense professor for the upcoming year?" A reporter from the Daily Prophet cornered Minister Fudge as he entered the Ministry of Magic on Wednesday morning.

Minister Fudge squared his shoulders and turned toward the reporter. "As it has recently come to my attention that Hogwarts School has been unable to find a suitable Defense Against the Dark Arts professor for the coming school year I am apt to aide in their search. Any and all witches and wizards that believe they are qualified for the teaching position should be here, at the Ministry, tomorrow afternoon. We will be interviewing and making our decision after five pm." With that the minister turned and left the atrium as fast as he could.

Conservatory

Keep of Anasirone

Harry sat on one of the benches as his guests began to arrive. It was his turn to host the weekly get together. He was anxious for a reason that was mostly lost on him. Hermione was fluttering around between Kiley's and her suites. They were trying on different outfits and throwing things. Harry had walked away from Kiley's room when the first pair of sandals hit the wall. Tonks came down a few minutes after he did laughing to herself. She gave him a once over and approved of the khaki pants and dark green polo that he was wearing.

The first person to arrive was Neville, with his grandmother in tow. Lady Longbottom settled herself in the front parlor, where she could see into the conservatory, but gave the teens the illusion of privacy. Tonks joined her after a few minutes.

"How are you doing Nev?"

"Good. She is stressing me helping you be ready for the CDB." They paused as Dobby ushered in Susan and Hannah followed by Daphne and Treacy, who had all arrived by floo. Kreator brought in Justin and Seamus followed after a few minutes by Ernie, the twins and Ginny. Squeaks was sent to tell the girls that almost everyone was downstairs.

"I have a small announcement that I would like to make." Harry stood from his place on the bench. "Draco will be joining us today."

"Really Harry? I thought we were the only snakes allowed." Daphne teased.

"I had Kiley invite him. He seems to be taking an interest in her and if they are going to be social I want it under my roof." There was a bell ringing in the background and Dobby appeared at the door.

"Heir Malfoy is here."

"Thank you Dobby. Please tell the girls to hurry." Harry left the conservatory and headed for the entry hall. "I see you made it alright." He said as the front door opened and Draco Malfoy stepped over the threshold.

"Thank you for inviting me, Potter." Draco seemed to force the statement out of his mouth. Harry could tell that the young Malfoy Scion was angry that he had to 'play nice' with the people in the house.

"Malfoy I want you to remember one thing. Nothing that is said or done within these walls goes back to either of the sides of this war. Nothing gets to Voldemort unless you tell him and no one here will tell Dumbledore anything. I, we, are trusting you to hold yourself true to that line. No oaths necessary. Just your honor as a person."

"Who all is here that you would hide it from Dumbledore?"

"You'll see. We are gathering in the conservatory this morning. Follow me." Harry led Draco on a circular route to the conservatory, passing through and near many of the main floors rooms.

"Draco, you came." Called a voice from a side room causing Draco to spin around. Kiley had pulled her hair back in two waist length braids with pale white flowers tucked into the crosses.

"Kiley, of course I came. You asked me to." He held his arm out for her. Kiley stepped from beside Hermione and placed her hand on Draco's arm. Hermione joined Harry and the four walked toward the conservatory. Once they had joined the group, Hermione pulled a

small notebook out of a side table and sat beside Seamus. Harry returned to his bench and settled between Daphne and Treacy.

"What is our plan for today?" Justin asked.

"We had decided on practicing in the dueling chamber but it is too hot to do so. Any other ideas." Hermione read a page in her notebook, trying to not look at Kiley as she spoke.

"If it's too hot, then let's go outside." Seamus said as he leaned toward Hermione. "How about the amusement park?" Seamus' suggestion was met by cheers from the muggle raised.

"Amusement park?" Treacy asked, drawing attention to herself.

"It's a muggle park filled with rides, games, rollercoasters and food." Hermione stared off into space for a minute.

"How much fun can a muggle place be?" Draco asked.

"Hush Draco." Kiley elbowed him lightly.

"I don't think we can swing leaving Anasirone today. Besides we have a visitor today. Let's just stay around here." George eyed Draco distrustfully. The group decided to play in the pool until lunch time. Tonks and Lady Longbottom moved to the veranda in order to supervise. While Hermione and Kiley had bathing suits in the latest muggle fashion the others had When Kreature and Squeaks called the group in for lunch they were joined by Lady Longbottom and Tonks. As a treat Squeaks had made Hermione's favorite type of pizza, Canadian bacon with extra cheese.

Since Harry had started having guests to the Keep they had come to the decision that each person would introduce something that was familiar to them to the group. The Patil twins brought Indian food and Bollywood movies. Justin, Hermione and Harry were in charge of introducing their new and old friends to the real muggle world. Fred and George taught them tricks, and the ins and outs of sneaking around Hogwarts. Seamus tried teaching them to draw, both with magic and without, but some of them failed miserably. Harry taught them how to cook for themselves, while Neville showed them where their food came from and how to care for plants that weren't taught at Hogwarts.

After lunch they separated into small groups or pairs. Kiley, Draco, Fred, George and Tonks headed toward the Library to talk while reading. Harry, Treacy and Daphne were joined in the back garden by Seamus and Hermione. The remaining four were led away to the greenhouse by Neville.

"Harry can we walk the maze?" Daphne asked, leaning on the garden wall. Harry was leery of entering the maze, as the last one he had been in had led to the death of a friend. He could not deny Daphne anything, so he straightened his back and ushered the group toward the towering maze.

"Sure." At the entrance to the maze the boys turned opposite directions, separating the group into two smaller ones. Hermione grinned and followed Seamus around the right hand corner. "Let's go this way." The girls walked side by side through the maze with Harry following behind them. The Potter Maze was three mazes wrapped around each other. The two smaller ones never crossed paths, each branching left or right from the entrance. The main maze ended in a large gazebo that was raised to oversee the whole maze. The right hand maze dipped toward a private swimming pool, reminiscent of a mermaid's grotto. The left hand maze curled around itself multiple times, and within those curves was tucked away a small spa, complete with a hot tub, a roman bath, steam houses and low chaise lounges.

AN: The next chapter is almost done... should be up tomorrow afternoon.

Chapter 12

Harry Potter and the Lords Lament

Mermaid's Grotto

Keep of Anasirone

Seamus and Hermione walked hand in hand through the maze for twenty minutes before they found the end. They entered a small clearing, a few feet of grass before it tapered into a pool. The back of the pool was a large rock, with a waterfall trickling down into the pool. To the left of the pool was a changing tent and on the right was two lounge chairs and a small table. The table had a bowl of fruit and two glasses of lemonade.

"Hermione, I was wondering..." Seamus started, before he broke off.

"What Seamus?" She relaxed on. "Come sit over here." Hermione patted the lounge chair beside her.

"Hemione, I know that during school I always come off as a bit of a layabout." Seamus paused. "Ok, more than a bit of a layabout."

"What are you trying to say?" Hermione asked, shielding her eyes from the sun, momentarily forgetting that her sunglasses were on top of her head.

"While I feel that you would be stooping to a lower level to even accept, I would like to officially ask you to be my girlfriend." Seamus looked from her eyes toward the ground, his ears turning a pale pink.

"Why would you want to go out with me? I'm just a bushy haired bookworm?"

"Hermione, you don't see yourself properly. You are loyal, hardworking, and scarily bright, you stand up for people even when everyone around you thinks that you are wrong. If it wasn't for you I don't think that Harry would have given any of us a chance."

"Don't tease me Seamus. Since when have you, or anyone else for that matter, looked at me as anything other than homework help."

"I'll admit I was following Ron's lead but, he has shown that he has no brain matter and that if he can't see you for the amazing woman that you are than it is his loss."

"What does your Mother think about you dating a muggleborn?" Hermione asked, knowing that his mother's opinion was of high importance.

"My mother wants me to be happy, she still thinks that Harry is delusional but I am working on that. At least she has rescinded her decision to send me to St. Jerome's in Dublin."

"Rescind is an awfully big word for you Seamus." Hermione teased, trying to calm her blush and divert some of the comments away from herself. "Why would she send you away?"

"Mother is under the impression that Harry is crazy and Dumbledore has lost his mind. She isn't sure that she wants me to be around when they both go off on the student body." Seamus admitted.

"Harry won't be going off on anyone. He is changing. Dumbledore is a little off in left field. Harry is trying to overcome all of the barriers that Dumbledore has placed in his path." Hermione said before getting lost in thought. "Let's talk about something else. Like what you expect out of this relationship?"

"How familiar are you with Wizarding dating customs?"

"Only a little bit. I know that we have to meet up in large groups if we don't have supervision. I saw Percy bring Penelope over to meet his parents for the first time, and their in depth grilling of her. That is about it." Hermione confessed.

"Supervision is mostly for the nobility in our world. Harry, Kiley, Neville, Daphne, Treacy, Susan, and even Malfoy have a rank that means something. They are under constant scrutiny by the entire wizarding world, like Justin is in the muggle world. People are judging the future of their houses by how they act. If they cannot uphold their family names there will be problems. Did you see how we broke apart to wander?"

"Treacy went with Harry and Daphne, Susan and Neville and Justin and Hannah went together. I didn't see the others break off."

"Tonks went with Kiley and Draco. Fred followed Ernie and Ginny, which is appropriate since she is his younger sister. George followed Justin and Neville toward the greenhouse. There is someone in each group that is supposed to be making sure that nothing untoward happens while the group is split."

"Oh."

"Hermione I am not looking or ready for a courting relationship. I would like to get to know you on a one on one basis and see if we are compatible." Seamus said with a smile, reaching for Hermione's hand.

"I think, that I would like that very much." Hermione gripped Seamus' hand and the two continued their small talk for hours.

Roman Spa

Keep of Anasirone

Alexian guided Harry toward the spa area while Daphne and Treacy slowed down so that they were following him and not getting themselves lost in the maze. The Roman Spa was built with open air pavilions over naturally fed hot springs. The hot spring bubbled up into the highest pool and would trickle down from that pool into each of the smaller pools, losing some of the warmth along the way.

Harry ushered the girls into the small Ladies' Pavilion to change while he switched into his bathing suit. They climbed into the coldest pool, which bubbled at about twenty-one degrees Celsius. One of the houseelves appeared with a pitcher of lemonade and three glasses as well as a tray of biscuits. Harry struggled to keep his mind off of the tiny emerald green bikini that Daphne was wearing, or the even tinier navy blue and white bikini that Treacy was wearing.

"Harry, what is going to happen when we get back to school. There are expectations already in place for all of us."

"I don't care what they think is appropriate friends for us. I think our little group should continue to meet. I could see you more often." Harry drained his lemonade as he realized what he had just said.

The girls played it off as if he hadn't said anything out of the ordinary. They lounged in the sun in pleasant silence. Harry slipped a pair of dark Oakleys over his eyes so he could stare, unseen, at the girls. They moved into two increasingly warmer pools before Harry led the girls into the last steaming pool. Daphne climbed into his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Harry, did you really mean that you wanted to see more of me throughout the school year?" She stared into his eyes with an intensity that Harry was unfamiliar with.

"Yes." He whispered, a shy smile on his face. "I would like to get to know you."

"Is that all Harry? You want to get to know me?"

"Umm..."

"Let me help you make up your mind." Daphne leaned in and kissed him. Without conscious effort he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer to his body. Harry's hands gripped her hips and teased at the strings of her bikini bottoms.

Harry, I'm not sure that this is a good idea.

Shut up Alexian. Let me be.

You need to be thinking about what's going on. You have obligations that you need to talk to her about if she is going to be it.

Can I think like a teen for now. Please.

You might want to stop kissing her now before you two get yourselves in trouble.

"I didn't know that I was going to be getting a show." Treacy smirked as she relaxed in the steaming waters. Harry and Daphne pulled apart, breathing heavy, faces flushed and rested their foreheads together.

"Shut up T." Daphne's anger at being interrupted tinted her words.

"I don't think I will. What would daddy say to find out his angel was lip to lip with the-boy-who-lived?"

"Treacy, you wouldn't do that, would you?" Harry said, looking at her over Daphne's shoulder.

"I don't know. That seemed awfully inappropriate to me. Daddy would want to know." Tracy said with a smirk.

"Treacy please don't." Daphne begged, turning in Harry's lap to face her best friend. She saw the Slytherin look in Treacy's eyes that told her this was half joking half serious. "What do you want to not tell? My snake charmer necklace."

"While that necklace has some amazing qualities and I think it would make an excellent addition to my collection, I don't think so."

"So what do you want Treacy?" Harry asked, tiring of her games.

"A kiss. Just as hot as the one you gave Daphne." Treacy and Daphne traded looks, ones that were cultivated in Snakes Den for years and bred into them at birth. Daphne climbed out of Treacy's lap.

"Do it Harry. Or she will tell my father I'm damaged goods."

"But Daph,"

"But nothing. Do it." Harry nodded, still confused as to why the girl he liked was forcing him to kiss her friend.

"Like you mean it Harry." Treacy whispered as she pulled Harry down on top of her. They sank into the water, their faces inches apart. "I don't want you all to myself Harry. I just have wanted to do this for a long time. This is my one big opportunity."

"If you wanted me to kiss you, you could have just asked." Harry pressed his lips to Treacy's while pushing her back against the spa's sides. She moaned into his mouth, her body wriggling against his. He stood up in the steaming water, jumped out of the pool and into the ice cold one that had started in. The girls continued to sit in the hot water, dazed at what had just happened.

You've outdone yourself.

Shut up.

I mean, your father tried that a lot, and got slapped for it every time. I guess it being the girls' idea works better.

Anything helpful to add to the situation.

Not really. This is just too good to pass up. Now you do understand that both girls come from very well established Houses. Are you going to pick one and ditch the other or you gonna keep them both?

I can't keep them both.

Actually you can. You will need a wife for the wizarding world and one that can move in the Motral world. And you always need someone to warm your beds.

Alexian!

It's true. Don't get all uppity with me squirt. You know you have to take a few bedmates from the village. Why are you being contrary to a feisty one like her?

I'm not being uppity. I'm not going to ruin her reputation.

If you do it properly she won't be ruined. Permission, signed papers, you've got your work cut out for it.

Harry jumped out of the chilled pool and went to change. The girls took the hint and changed out of their bathing suits . They wandered their way back to the Keep from the yard in semi-comfortable silence. The group reconvened in the observatory for almost an hour before they all went their separate ways. They knew that there would only be two more of these meetings before school began.

Girl's Quarters, Hermione's room

"So, Kiley, spill." Hermione flopped onto her bed, bouncing Kiley a little in the air.

"There is nothing much to spill." She smiled shyly at the bedspread, unwilling to look her friend in the eye. "Tell me why everyone hates Draco so." Hermione rolled over to look at the ceiling. She began to tell Kiley about all of Harry's run ins with Malfoy, ending with a snippet of her punching him in the nose.

Black Suites, The Keep, Sirius' room

Sirius laid stretched across his bed. There had been many changes in the past few days, none of which were fully thought out and all of which were sure to put a bee in someone's bonnet. The Black Library would be folded into the Potter Archives, they would lose it as a stand alone asset but the access to the Archives was enough to soothe Andromeda's ego. There were a few reasons that they would need to go back to the London house for: any decisions on Narcissa and Bella had to be done within the confines of the house, unless Sirius could find the spot here at the Keep where the first Black blood was spilled. Where the Potter Clan gave the Black Family their titles and name.

There was set to be an Order meeting in two days, Molly and her brood would arrive mere minutes after Dumbledore the day before the meeting to make sure that everything was in order. They would be in for a large surprise, in the form of a very bored hippogriff. Buckbeak would rampage around the house, destroying the fakes that were left before making his way to the Keep. The twins would be there to make sure that Buckbeak performed as told before ensuring his getaway.

A smile graced Sirius' face as he drifted off to sleep, visions of angry white bees buzzed throughout his head. The fact that the bees he was dreaming of wore little black wizard's caps and cloaks is neither here nor there.

Amelia Bones' Office, Ministry of Magic

Sitting in Amelia's office were three people she never thought she would have to call in at the same time. Nym Tonks stood in as the current Guardian of Harry Potter, Andromeda as the legal aide he had sought and Healer Rampart. The Healer had brought in her copy of the spells she had removed from the Blacks a few days prior. As Amelia read through the list she saw some of what her niece had been trying to tell her. Every adult in Harry's life had been duped by

layers of memory charms, some of which were applied years ago, their age showing in small bits of decay. While others shone like freshly minted galleons.

This strategy meeting lasted well into the night. At the end, they had come to the conclusion that they would play the next few weeks by ear, but they would begin to build multiple cases against Dumbledore. As long as they didn't file anything until right before his already set trial they would be in the clear, no one would have the time to leak the information.

"Auror Tonks." Amelia called as everyone left her office. "A moment if you please." A request that wasn't really a request.

"Yes Ma'am?" Nym stood near the door.

"How is he settling in? Is he ready for the school year?"

"Hasn't Susan told you?"

"She tells me little of what happens on these chaperoned excursions."

"Ah." She nodded, wondering how secret the other kids had kept from their families. "He is doing well. There is something about the Keep that settles everyone that lives there. Harry is ready to step into his own rights. I feel like I am just a chaperone most days. He is stepping into to all of the roles that I can prepare him for."

"Has there been any problems with certain people?" Amelia alluded to the people that were either in the Order or firmly under Dumbledore's pointy shoes.

"The youngest redhead hasn't been over in a while, they got into a fight before the birthday party. He hasn't allowed the girl to come over either. I think that is helping for the group dynamic to improve."

"That might be a problem when the school year starts." Amelia said.

"These children have grown over the summer. I'm not sure the redhead will be able to cause trouble. They are all very close. You'll see this Wednesday when they are all at your house."

"How many chaperones will I need to have around?"

"We normally have two or three depending on where we are going. On top of that the Weasley twins assist from time to time."

"Great. Then we should be fine. Thank you for taking on this task Tonks. Harry means a lot to a lot of people."

"I know. I do what I can." Tonks said before turning and leaving Amelia's office.

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